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Vol. VI.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The History of Painting in Italy. From the Italian of Thomas Roscoe. Vol. III. London: Bogue.

This completes the new edition of the most complete and learned work on Painting in Italy yet given to the world. The schools noticed in the volume before us are those of Bologna, Ferrara, Piedmont, and the adjacent territory. Not the least valuable feature of this edition is the singularly copious index, which extends to upwards of two hundred pages, and consists of two parts,—the first containing a reference to the name of every artist mentioned in the work, with the dates of birth and death; and the other a general index.

SCIENCE.

A Treatise on Indigestion. By Dr. CHILD. London, 1847.

DR. CHILD is physician to the Westminster Dispensary, and the large experience thus acquired has enabled him to produce a book upon the universal malady of civilized man, which has the merit of being at once learned and intelligible, profound and practical. He treats the whole subject of digestion, from its physiology to its cure, describing its causes, its symptoms, the diseases it generates, the means of mitigating or removing it—temperance and exercise—the latter being, of course, the only remedies. Some of his statistics are curious, and contradict popular notions. Thus a craving appetite is considered to be a usual attendant on indigestion. It is not so, for out of 200 cases noted, only five presented this symptom. In 164 of the cases, the appetite was bad; and 91, or nearly one-half, were attended with short breathing. Two passages will suffice to shew his manner, and to recommend his book to those who suffer from the ailment it treats of. Thus he explains the relief sometimes experienced by eating, and the pain that attends an empty stomach:—

BREAKFAST AND BILE.

A certain amount of bilious congestion seems to be natural in the morning. That the bile is periodically stored up, might be inferred from the anatomical structure of the liver, which has not only its system of ducts, but also a gall-bladder to hold that fluid until it is wanted: experimental research, moreover, has shewn that little bile escapes into the duodenum, except during digestion. For four or five hours, therefore, after eating, the liver is slowly drained of its bile; but when digestion is finished, the flow stops, and the liver gathers up a supply against the next repast. Hence it is after fasting that the liver is most fully charged with bile; and as the period of longest abstinence is between the evening meal and breakfast, it follows that there will always be towards morning a natural accumulation of bile, which any of the causes already mentioned may convert into morbid engorgement. Hence many who are bilious in the morning, feel themselves relieved after breakfast,—in other words, after some bile has been drained from the congested liver. Acting on this hint, I have often recommended a light supper to prevent morning biliousness, and sometimes with success. It keeps the bile flowing during a part, at least, of the night, and thus shortens the period of accumulation.

A DEFENCE OF COOKERY.

From time immemorial it has been customary to

heap blame on a highly useful class, and to regard cooks as plotters against the health of the people; "innumerales esse morbos, miraris? coquos numera." Cookery, however, is not a mere luxury; but a necessary art adopted both by civilized and savage nations. Its proper object is to prepare the crude food, and bring it to the state that best fits it for digestion. The question therefore arises, whether the cookery of the rich or of the poor be most conducive to this end. When meat is roasted in the way which best prepares it for yielding to the solvent action of the gastric juice, it ought not to be overdone, as mastication is thereby impeded, and the fibres hardened so as to be almost impermeable to that fluid; nor ought it to be underdone, as some of the advantage of cooking in making the fibres short and tender is thereby lost. Neither should meat be overboiled, because when the soluble part has been dissolved out of it, little is left but a hard stringy mass—the portion, in short, that is least digestible. Now it is evident that these details are more likely to be attended to in the well-appointed kitchens of the rich, than in the poor man's dwelling, where there is seldom much time left for nicety in cooking. Even in respect to "made dishes," from which it is thought the poor are safe, there lies a fallacy. It would, perhaps, not be technically correct to call by that name the messes and stews of humble life; yet in point of fact their composition is much the same. Made dishes, for the most part, consist of various meats with fat and seasoning. Now, although these must always be deemed heavy, and of course not suited to delicate stomachs, still if the fat be fresh, in moderate quantity, and not too long exposed to heat, they are on the whole very superior in point of digestibility to what I am about to compare them. In the "made dishes" or messes eaten by the poor man, we probably find the meat tough, the fat bordering on rancidity; and to him, moreover, greasiness is seldom an objection. Besides this, the same dish is often warmed up again and again, and all its bad qualities are thus made worse by long exposure to heat and air. Such appears to me to be the chief difference in the style of cooking; and it is quite obvious that the former is the least prejudicial of the two. The real mischief of a well-cooked dinner is less in the dishes than in the want of self-denial in those partaking of them, who cannot stop eating when they have had enough: surely, however, it is unjust to hold the cook responsible for their intemperance. The former brings us food in a state as favourable to digestion as the mode in which it is ordered to be made ready will permit; and it is no fault of his, if, for want of a little self-denial, we convert this advantage into a cause of disease.

A Lecture, introductory to a Course, on Clinical Medicine. By SAMUEL WRIGHT, M.D. London: Churchill.

A DISCOURSE remarkable alike for its substantial learning and for the little display of it. Dr. WRIGHT talks so that he can be understood by those less versed in technicalities than himself, and that is a great merit in a lecturer. Indeed, without it, learning is useless, for it cannot be imparted.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Summer Visit to Ireland. By Mrs. WEST. London, 1847.

LAST summer Mrs. WEST visited Ireland with her husband, and inspected Cork, Limerick, and Killarney,—travelling through them post-haste, seeing only the outsides of things, yet venturing upon this superficial survey to pronounce very positive opinions on the "condition of Ireland" question.

These, however, the reader will take for what they are worth, and if he praises her pages it will be for her graphic sketches of places and persons, and her lively descriptions of the adventures of travel. In this she excels; and the sympathy she never fails to exhibit towards the people among whom she was moving, pro-

duces a favourable impression of her heart as well as of her understanding. As it is a little book, we take but one passage to exhibit its manner. It is

A SCENE IN KILKENNY.

I experienced some disappointment at the want of beauty amongst the Irish generally. They are not a handsome race; and the faces that smile upon you in childhood, wear a hollow-cheeked, sallow, miserable aspect, in after life. Nothing is so fatal to beauty as premature pain, care, and toil; and these poor creatures marry early, and live on in a perpetual struggle with poverty and want. From all I afterwards witnessed of the general distress, I only wonder they do not rob as well as murder. The haggard famine-stricken countenances I have seen glaring upon me out of their gloomy hunger-lairs, as we drove past those human sties, that most miserable of all abodes, their cabins, called with horrible facetiousness, cottages. Huts composed of loose stones, sometimes with, oftener without, a window; if a chimney, of thatch or wattling, preserved by a standing miracle from fire. The donkey foddered up comfortably in one corner, fowls, ducks, geese, often turkeys, pigs, and children, swarming in and out of the opened door; a pool of moist filth on one side, a pile of dry abominations on the other (all this certainly remediable), and the females of the family sitting with their legs dangling over these, talking, knitting, or doing nothing, with short pipes in their mouths, and arms folded over rags that once put off could never be put on. The men you see, lazy tatterdemalions, lounging about the roads, hands in breeches-pockets, the usual mode in Ireland, or if at work, leaving off to watch the unwonted passing of a carriage till we were out of sight. * * * Every mile of the way is cultivated; but such cultivation! I will here describe the general mode, as it will serve for that of the whole face of the country, except in a few instances, which shall be particularized as they occur.

Wheat, barley, and oats, as fine as heart could wish to see, potatoes, with tremendous trenches, turnips, clover, and rich pasture, but the hedges broken and irregular; the stone walls, loose and crumbling, that mostly divide the fields; and every third patch of grass-land choked with rag-weed in full growth, which ought to have been plucked out by the roots and consigned to the dunghill, with the thistles and ox-eyes that flourish among the barley. The people say the cattle will rather eat the rag-weed than *starve* in winter; so they leave it to luxuriate. At intervals, a sycamore uplifts its bushy black head; but over so generally treeless and dreary a country I never before journeyed. Yet it is wonderfully fertile, and the very bogs may be made productive; witness the reclaimed patches planted with promising-looking potatoes and oats, and very deeply drained: and these bogs enable the poor to have fuel for nothing but the labour of digging in many parts; so that it would perhaps be small charity to reclaim the whole of them. One cannot call the people idle either, who have cultivated *all* the arable land we traversed. But there seems to be no method; things are left half-finished; the cart in the middle of the road on its beam-ends, the walls dropping down, the hedges untrimmed, ditches uncleared; the gates, mostly of solid iron, have stone pillars on each side, but are fenced with brambles below, because they don't fit close: oftener are they supported between a couple of logs of black wood dug out of the bog, and invariably one of these is long, the other short. It is the "lascia fare" system from the beginning to the end.

Recollections of England. By the Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D. Rector of St. George's, New York. London, 1847. Bagster and Sons.

THIS is a reprint of an American work, and scarcely, we think, merited a republication in England. A work treating of our native land, by an intelligent, and unprejudiced foreigner, naturally engages our attention. We are eager

to learn how the social fabric appears from a different point of view from that from which we are accustomed to regard it,—to know how our institutions, our manners, our modes of life, our great or celebrated men, even the natural features of our country, its beauties and defects, our perception of which habit has blunted, seem, when truly reflected by the mind of an intelligent traveller. In the work of such a man we behold ourselves as in a mirror, and the picture presented to us is not without profit. There is also a class of travellers who hurry over the ground, giving us hasty sketches of objects as they pass, generally more remarkable for their picturesque effect than for their fidelity. Such books are amusing as well by their mistakes as by their wit. To neither of these classes does the work in question belong. The publishers inform us in their preface that Dr. TYNG's object in Britain was "Man,"—if they had said *clergymen*, and clergymen of a certain sect, they would have been more nearly correct. More than half the volume is occupied with reports of the anniversary meetings of religious societies, with copious extracts from the speeches there made. The greater part of the remainder is filled with accounts of sermons, and of introductions and visits to different clergymen. This latter might have been interesting enough had Dr. TYNG possessed the power of bringing these individuals clearly before our mind's eye,—which, however, he does not. He had intercourse with Messrs. NOEL, BICKERSTETH, CUNNINGHAM, and many others of note, belonging to what is called the *Evangelical* party in the Church of England, and of most of them he gives descriptions. They are all amiable and delightful,—for Dr. TYNG is an amiable man himself, and seems inclined to see everything in the most favourable light,—but each might almost have sat for the portrait of all the rest. There is no distinctive or individual impression conveyed to the mind of the reader. The American divine is either incapable of receiving vivid impressions, or totally without the power of expressing them. He is also rather narrow in his way of thinking,—he does not take a sufficiently extended view of the complicated means by which the designs of Providence are wrought out. He is not, however, of an illiberal or bitter spirit, as, with his strong leaning to the opposite party in the Church, he yet confesses to have heard an excellent sermon from Dr. HOOK. In short, Dr. TYNG is an amiable and pious man, but not a clever writer of travels. His *Recollections* may have been interesting to the readers of the *Recorder*,—the paper for which they were originally written, and among whom the author, it seems, possessed many personal friends; but the English reader might acquire, in a much more satisfactory manner, the greater part of the information the work contains, from the common newspaper-reports of religious meetings and speeches. There is, however, everywhere a class of readers to whom is acceptable, in literature, a union of the respectable and commonplace, particularly if their religious opinions happen to coincide with those of the author. To such this may be a welcome work, and to them we leave it, gleanings one or two passages which may possess some interest. Here are Dr. TYNG's strictures on English proceedings at religious assemblies:—

The anniversary of this morning being the first large one I attended, brought the whole system of these occasions before me. How amazing to me—I must say, how unpleasant—was the noise of the meeting: the shouting, clapping, stamping, all combined at times, made a perfect riot. It was not worse than on some other occasions, and not so bad

as some, but it was bad enough. I should be sorry, indeed, to see such proceedings introduced into our country,—so wholly destructive of solemnity and comfort in a religious assembly. But I was certainly interested as a whole in the meeting, which was kept up from eleven till four o'clock, though I thought much of the speaking was too light; there was too much jesting and laughter, and too little of the solemn and serious temper which should always mark such assemblies. The Holy Spirit can hardly be expected to be present with his blessing in such confusion, and noise, and laughter. This was in some degree the fact in many, perhaps I might say with all, the anniversaries which I attended, and I felt compelled more than once to remark upon it. Another thing which must always strike the attention of American Christians in a very peculiar way, is the use of wine to drink at these anniversaries. It is the general custom to have deacons of wine in the committee-rooms, and on the table of the secretary on the platform. I can hardly say, at this distance of time, what societies were exceptions to this rule, or whether any were. But the American clergyman must get habituated to this; for, even in the vestry-room of many of the churches and chapels, the sexton will offer him a glass of wine, as a needful refreshment after preaching; and he otherwise sees the wine-bottle so frequently in England, that it ceases to be a stranger to him. He need hardly stop long to decide on the impropriety of this habit of taking wine on religious occasions. Its opposition to his own customs and experience is very manifest, and not a little startling.

The following remarks upon English society are very far removed, indeed, from the boasting and supercilious manner which Americans are often said to affect when speaking of the mother country. They breathe a gentle and a Christian spirit:—

Next to the fear of God in any land, is honour to the constituted authority of government—the element of peace and happiness. And there was no feeling but joy and respect in my heart, as I found enthusiastic loyalty to the Queen ruling and prevailing among the people of England. Indeed, my whole observation and reflections upon the arrangement of English society have convinced me that there are very fundamental principles of character secured and cultivated by it from the throne down to the most inferior person. Every individual between these two extremes has constantly called into action the two most blessed principles of conduct—of reverence to some one in a superior station, and of condescension and tenderness to some one in an inferior. These two principles are continually combining to produce an universal and remarkable gentleness of manners, and respectful courtesy in the common intercourse of life, the moral influence of which a man must be a very superficial observer not to notice and admire. You will not find, I think, a cringing officiousness in an inferior, in any condition, as the rule of your observation; and still less, I think, a supercilious contempt in a superior. But you will always meet with a dignity and kindness which can afford to display itself, and is purely active, because it is without fear of encroachment on the proper rights of its own station. This was my experience in England, without a single exception, in any one of the relations of life. It is the manifest and natural result of such a state of society, and the arrangement of permanent distinctions in the ranks and orders of life. It is but the ample development of the spirit of loyalty to constituted authority, and fidelity in the exercise of that authority by those who possess it. Of this spirit of loyalty Mr. Woodward says, in his *Essays on the Millennium*, "I can explain it in no other way than this: that it pleased God to infuse this passion into the human mind, as a secret intimation that a prince is to ascend the throne of universal empire, in whose reign this devoted loyalty will be no longer a blind and headlong instinct, but will identify our high allegiance to God, and fulfil the first and great commandment, of loving him with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength." More than once I gave utterance to sentiments like

these in public addresses, and urged upon brethren and friends the great duty of prayer for the Queen, and of teaching the habit to all the youth and little children of the country. She needs to be shielded by universal prayer, and it is a high Christian obligation upon all who are her subjects to unite in the habitual offering. In these remarks I give just the state of my continued feeling; and, as an American citizen, I feel myself in a condition to accord, without fear, the praise of its manifest excellences to the British constitution and system of society; having no temptation to join in that coarse and radical cry which can imagine no liberty but in the overturn of order, and no demonstration of the love of liberty but in the unnecessary abuse of constituted authorities and dignities, and an affected contempt of superior stations, and the rights which belong to them.

We transcribe the following anecdote for the sake of the simplicity with which the good Doctor attributes so trivial and common a piece of good luck to a special intervention of Providence. Doubtless there is but one primary cause for all events; but we think that in the case here related, Dr. TYNG need not have sought beyond his own amiable manners for the origin of the fortunate issue:—

In the evening the coach took me up for Newcastle, where I arrived at ten o'clock, in the permanent rain of this county. It was the time of the annual races; and it seemed impossible, as we drove into Newcastle, that we should find a shelter anywhere. Hundreds and thousands of people were literally thronging the streets. We drove up to the inn, where other coaches were already unloading, and the cries of "No lodging here" were resounding from numbers. Indeed, it seemed almost hopeless to make an attempt at entrance to the house itself. But my condition was that desperate one which drives to inventions; so I pushed immediately through the crowd, leaving landlord and waiters behind, and penetrated at once to the rear of the building, to find the chambermaid. From her I found that a single room in the house had just been given up, and she guided me to it. So, while dozens were skirmishing on the outskirts still, I was peacefully settled in a comfortable chamber, and in a few minutes had every thing around me in private comfort. I could not but call the fact to mind as one of the numerous instances in which a gracious Providence above has made me dependent upon female tenderness and sympathy for the comforts I have enjoyed. To be left in the street at midnight in a storm of rain, in a dark and strange town, of which I knew not a single house, was the prospect from which I had been preserved by the kindness which had given me the only remaining bed in this crowded place. Why, amidst the noise of the multitude which were thronging the house, and calling for every thing and all things at a time, the girl had not turned from me with careless inattention, for which her weariness of labour might have apologised, I could only ascribe to a watchful kindness higher than earth. But I shall never forget the politeness with which that northern girl conducted me to my room, and provided for me, drenched with rain, every thing which was needful for my comfort and repose.

Here are Dr. TYNG's remarks upon his entrance into Scotland. He came by the coast road from Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

My entrance upon the borders of this ancient land awakened many new and exciting thoughts. In what department of renown is not Scotland interesting and eminent? Where has worldly pomp ruled more magnificently; or wicked warfare desolated more fearfully; or religious oppression tyrannised more cruelly; or religious truth triumphed more remarkably; or martyred fidelity to Christ witnessed more gloriously? Where do the romance of nature and of history so wonderfully combine? Who can tread its soil, familiar with its storied scenes, without emotions wholly peculiar, and deeply exciting? Such were my feelings as we descended the last English hill, and saw the beau-

tiful Tweed rolling in the vale beneath—ancient Berwick still reposing upon its bank. The many associations connected with "Berrick," as it is called, make it interesting, though there is nothing striking in the town itself. The Tweed is a large river, and the town stands just above its mouth. Just below stand the towers and ruins of Bumborough Castle, lately made celebrated by a new association with the heroic feat and humble grave of Grace Darling, the fisherman's daughter. On the land side of Berwick are the remains of the ancient fortifications so long celebrated in Scottish warfare. From this point in the journey there begins a series of stories which interest the mind with successive recollections, until you come to glorious Edinburgh itself. The coachman by whose side I was seated, was an intelligent man, and acquainted, not only with every spot through which we passed, but with all the historical recollections connected with it. I was much interested by such a companion. Our afternoon's conversation would fill your paper. The fertile hills and vales of East Lothian exceed, in their cultivation and fertility, anything I ever saw in England. Magnificent fields of wheat and barley, without a dividing fence, reached for miles, flourishing in luxuriance to the very edge of the cliff which overhangs the sea. The hills are not lofty, but undulate beautifully, and were completely covered with heavy crops, tilled with a neatness which could not be excelled. There is no barren strip of sea-shore as we are accustomed to see. It appeared to me that the ocean's waves must often lash the very roots of the beautiful grain which bordered it so closely. This absolute junction of rich and arable land with the ocean, I have never elsewhere beheld. The villages are extremely poor and unattractive in appearance,—vastly inferior to the villages of England. There seems no neatness or care about the cottages; no many-coloured gardens blooming around; no graceful vines twining over the lowly hut. The whole aspect of a Scotch village is negligence and dirt. Nor do the villagers themselves appear inconsistent with this aspect. It is quite enough to chill all romance to see the peasantry in their habitations—at least, in the Lowlands of Scotland. But along this ride the ruins of castles of ancient renown are everywhere scattered upon the sea-coast, the high cliffs of which, sometimes in frightful precipices, hang over the water. Here are the Hills of Lammermoor, with the ruins of the priory. Here is Dunbar, whose ancient castle Lady March so courageously defended against the six months' English siege, now an empty ruin. Here is Gladsmuir and the battle-field of Preston Pans. Who could fail to cast a thought of reverence and sympathy on the noble Gardiner there? Here is Haddington, not more interesting to me for its connection with that desolating warfare than for the ministry of John Brown, who was here long the faithful teacher of a peaceful gospel. Here are the ruins of Slailie Castle, on the roadside, where Queen Mary was imprisoned escaping from Loch Leven. Here, upon the right, stands the wonderful Bass Rock, with its castle far out in the sea, covered with its clouds of famous feathered inhabitants, who have peopled it in successive generations for centuries. No other family in Scotland has retained such long and uninterrupted possession of their house and citadel as these solan geese. Their history and habits are quite a curious subject of inquiry for the naturalist. Here is the ancient town of Musselburgh, long the boasting rival of Edinburgh, which has proudly now left it far behind to be forgotten in decay. All these, and a hundred more objects of curious observation and interesting thought, passed rapidly before me as I was driven along the varied and beautiful road from Berwick to Edinburgh. And then, even more beautiful than all, is the water of the Forth, and the ranges of hills which recede into the blue mist beyond as you approach the citadel of Scotland's boast and grandeur.

A Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions, during the Years 1839-43. By Captain Sir JAMES CLARK ROSS, R.N. Knt. D.C.L. &c. In 2 vols. London, Murray.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THEIR sufferings from the intensity of the cold may be imagined from the following instance of the

EFFECTS OF FROST.

A remarkable circumstance occurred on board the *Terror* during this storm, which may help to convey a better idea of the intensity of the cold we experienced than the mere reference to the state of the thermometer. Whilst her people were engaged in chopping away the thick coat of ice from her bows, which had been formed by the freezing of a portion of each wave that she plunged into, a small fish was found in the mass; it must have been dashed against the ship, and instantly frozen fast. It was carefully removed for the purpose of preservation, a sketch of it made, and its dimensions taken by Dr. Robertson, but it was unfortunately seized upon and devoured by a cat. Dr. Richardson observes, "that the sketch is not sufficiently detailed to shew either the number or nature of the gill and fin rays, or whether the skin was scaly or not; so that even the order to which the fish belongs is uncertain, and we have introduced a copy of the design merely to preserve a memorial of what appears to be a novel form, discovered under such peculiar circumstances." It was rather more than six inches in length.

How terrible is the picture of

A STORM AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

At nine P.M. the wind suddenly freshened to a violent gale from the northward, compelling us to reduce our sails to a close-reefed maintop-sail and storm stay-sails. The sea quickly rising to a fearful height, breaking over the loftiest bergs, we were unable any longer to hold our ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee. Soon after midnight, our ships were involved in an ocean of rolling fragments of ice, hard as floating rocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow; and the destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails, we endeavoured to avoid collision with the larger masses; but this was not always possible. In the early part of the storm, the rudder of the *Erebus* was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use; and about the same time I was informed by signal that the *Terror's* was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. We had hoped that, as we drifted deeper into the pack, we should get beyond the reach of the tempest; but in this we were mistaken. Hour passed away after hour without the least mitigation of the awful circumstances in which we were placed: indeed, there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks, as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart that was not supported by trust in Him who controls all events, with dismay: and I should commit an act of injustice to my companions if I did not express my admiration of their conduct on this trying occasion; throughout a period of twenty-eight hours, during any one of which there appeared to be very little hope that we should live to see another, the coolness, steady obedience, and untiring exertions of each individual, were every way worthy of British seamen.

The storm gained its height at two P.M.; when the barometer stood at 29.40 inches, and after that time began to rise. Although we had been forced many miles deeper into the pack, we could not perceive that the swell had at all subsided; our ships still rolling and groaning amidst the heavy fragments of crushing bergs, over which the ocean

rolled its mountainous waves, throwing huge masses one upon another, and then again burying them deep beneath its foaming waters, dashing and grinding them together with fearful violence. The awful grandeur of such a scene can neither be imagined nor described; far less can the feelings of those who witnessed it be understood. Each of us secured our hold, waiting the issue with resignation to the will of Him who alone could preserve us, and bring us safely through this extreme danger; watching with breathless anxiety the effect of each succeeding collision, and the vibrations of the tottering masts, expecting every moment to see them give way without our having the power to make an effort to save them. Although the force of the wind had somewhat diminished by four P.M. yet the squalls came on with unabated violence, laying the ship over on her broadside, and threatening to blow the storm-sails to pieces; fortunately, they were quite new, or they never could have withstood such terrific gusts. At this time the *Terror* was so close to us, that when she rose to the top of one wave, the *Erebus* was on the top of that next to leeward of her: the deep chasm between them filled with heavy rolling masses; and as the ships descended into the hollow between the waves, the maintop-sail yard of each could be seen just level with the crest of the intervening wave, from the deck of the other; from this some idea may be formed of the height of the waves, as well as of the perilous situation of our ships. The night now began to draw in, and cast its gloomy mantle over the appalling scene, rendering our condition, if possible, more hopeless and helpless than before; but at midnight, the snow, which had been falling thickly for several hours, cleared away, as the wind suddenly shifted to the westward, and the swell began to subside; and although the shocks our ships still sustained were such that must have destroyed any ordinary vessel in less than five minutes, yet they were feeble compared with those to which we had been exposed; and our minds became more at ease for their ultimate safety.

Not the least of the perils of the frozen seas arises from

OPTICAL DELUSIONS IN THE ICE.

A remarkable appearance of land was reported in the evening; and, continuing for many hours without any alteration of figure, several of the officers imagined it was really land they saw, assuming the appearance of many pointed hills perfectly covered with snow, and so calculated to deceive the inexperienced eye, that had we been prevented proceeding further, they would doubtless have asserted on our return to England that we had discovered land in this position. This appearance of land was, however, nothing more than the upper part of a cloud, marking, by a well-defined but irregular line, the limit to which vapour can ascend in these latitudes: below is vapour in every degree of condensation; above, the clear cold space which vapour can never attain. It is always near the margin of the ice that these appearances of land are most remarkable and most deceptive. It proved a useful lesson to some of our new hands, who could not be persuaded it was not land until we had actually passed over the place of their baseless mountains.

And this was the first vision of

THE ALPS UPON THE OCEAN.

As we approached the land under all studding-sails, we perceived a low white line extending from its eastern extreme point as far as the eye could discern to the eastward. It presented an extraordinary appearance, gradually increasing in height as we got nearer to it; and proving at length to be a perpendicular cliff of ice, between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its even seaward face. What was beyond it we could not imagine; for being much higher than our mast-head, we could not see anything except the summit of a lofty range of mountains extending to the southward as far as the seventy-ninth degree of latitude. These mountains, being the southernmost land hitherto discovered, I felt great satisfaction in naming after



Captain Sir William Edward Parry, R.N. in grateful remembrance of the honour he conferred on me by calling the northernmost known land on the globe by my name. * * * Meeting with such an obstruction was a great disappointment to us all; for we had already in expectation passed far beyond the eightieth degree, and had even appointed a rendezvous there, in case of the ships accidentally separating. It was, however, an obstruction of such a character as to leave no doubt upon my mind as to our future proceedings; for we might with equal chance of success try to sail through the cliffs of Dover as penetrate such a mass. When within three or four miles of this remarkable object, we altered our course to the eastward, for the purpose of determining its extent, and not without the hope that it might lead us much further to the southward. The whole coast here from the western extreme point now presented a similar vertical cliff of ice, about two or three hundred feet high.

They were greatly disappointed with

THE FIRST VIEW OF CAPE HORN.

The poetical descriptions that former navigators have given of this celebrated and dreaded promontory, occasioned us to feel a degree of disappointment when we first saw it; for, although it stands prominently forward, a bold, almost perpendicular headland, in whose outline it requires but little imaginative power to detect the resemblance of a "sleeping lion, facing and braving the southern tempests," yet it is part only of a small island, and its elevation, not exceeding five or six hundred feet, conveys to the mind nothing of grandeur. But the day was beautifully fine, so that it is probable we saw this cape of terror and tempests under some disadvantage. We passed it at 3 P.M. at the distance of about a mile and a half, which was as near as we could approach it with prudence, by reason of the dangerous rocks which lie off to the east and west, and whose black points were rendered conspicuous by the white foam of the breakers, amongst which numerous seals were sporting. There was some snow on the summit of the cape, and its sides were clothed with a brownish-coloured vegetation; beyond it, the shores of the island consisted of black vertical cliffs, with a curiously cleft rock at its north-western extreme. As we stood across the Bay of St. Francis, we were struck with the wildness and beauty of the scenery, its numerous islands and lofty peaks, more particularly those of Hermite Island, whose southern extreme forms the bold perpendicular promontory called Cape Spencer."

The sudden changes in scenery, produced by the rapid rise and disappearance of icebergs, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the Polar seas. Here is an instance:—

Whilst measuring some angles for the survey, an island I had not before noticed appeared, which I was quite sure was not to be seen two or three hours previously. It was above one hundred feet high, and nearly the whole of the summit and eastern side perfectly free from snow. I was much surprised at the circumstance; and on calling the attention of some of the officers to it, one of them remarked, that a large berg which had been an object of observation before, had disappeared, or rather turned had over unperceived by us, and presented a new surface, covered with earth and stones, so exactly like an island that nothing but landing on it could have convinced us to the contrary, had not its appearance been so satisfactorily explained; and moreover, on more careful observation, a slight rolling motion was still perceptible.

Let us turn now to a graphic description of

A BULL HUNT IN THE FALKLAND ISLES.

After a wet and a weary pull of three hours, which carried us no more than as many miles, we approached the hunting grounds on the western shores of St. Salvador Bay. There we descried, through the drizzling sleet, a herd of some fifteen cattle on a point of land; a sight which put us all into excellent spirits. The dogs were immediately seized, and held down in the bottom of the boat; for their habit is, even on scenting the animals, to

plunge into the water, and by giving tongue, frighten the game far away before the party can reach the shore. The men were all eagerness, stripping to their Guernsey frocks and trowsers, each slinging a sharp knife round his waist. My companion and I loaded our rifles, knowing that for new hands to keep up with the runners was impossible; and that our only chance of glory lay in having a long shot at some pugnacious bull or fleeing cow, which, inglorious as it may sound, is no more so in reality than if the game were a deer, and infinitely less than if a hare or bird. Before, however, detailing the incidents of this particular chase, I may give an outline of the general features of a cattle-hunt, as pursued by our seamen, which differs considerably from that of the Gauchos; and most prominently in not involving those revolting cruelties which the latter practise, sometimes heedlessly, but oftener to gratify a childish revenge for the toil incident on a hard hour's or day's work, and not seldom out of mere wanton wickedness. Horses and lassos were never used, strong dogs and nimble feet being all that are absolutely required; though a couple of rifles are generally necessary; for the bulls attain a size and ferocity of which we had previously little idea, and they sometimes gallantly defend the herd. The dogs were of no particular breed; they were powerfully built and fleet, appearing to have more of the Spanish pointer than than any other blood in them: a cross of the Newfoundland, mastiff, bull-dog, and even coach-dog, was sufficiently obvious in one or other of the best. All were very courageous; and new ones introduced into a good pack take instinctively to the habits of the old. It is very seldom that they will attack a full-grown bull, which is not wonderful, for the old Falkland Islands "Tauro" is the largest of its race: its neck is short and of prodigious depth. The skin of one we killed was upwards of two inches in thickness, and its head half as large again as that of an ordinary bull: they are generally black, have a noble carriage, and are possessed of indomitable courage and untameable ferocity. Specimens of these dimensions are, however, rare, and do not mix with the other cattle, though sometimes attending them. More frequently they are seen solitary on the hills, with erect crests and distended nostrils, looking defiance at the passing traveller, and sometimes flying at him unprovoked; when he must betake himself to a bog, a "stream of stones," or cliff. Should no such refuge be nigh, the last resource is (as I am told by those whom I believe to have practised the *ruse*), to drop suddenly on the ground; when the bull starts aside from the unwonted obstacle in its path and pursues its onward course. When provoked and infuriated on open ground there is no escape even thus. The brave gunner of the *Erebus* was struck down and the turf torn up in furrows on each side of his body by the diverging horns of a wounded and maddened bull; and my friend Capt. Sullivan bears the mark of a wound on his head which he received under precisely similar circumstances: in both these instances the animals were providentially shot before returning to gore. The cows are of the size of the ordinary Ayrshire stock: they invariably flee from man, and seldom offer any effectual resistance to the dogs. They herd, with the young bulls and heifers, in numbers of ten to thirty, roaming more or less, but particularly attaching themselves to tussock grounds. Those who know cattle in our parks only, or even on the hills of Scotland, can form no idea of their speed and strength; and we found that it took three powerful dogs to "moor," as our sailors term it, one full-grown cow. The plan of attack is very simple: the object is to take as many animals out of one herd as possible. We had only dogs enough to hold one cow at a time, which is despatched by the hunter before the same dogs are free to follow the herd and detain another. Hence speed is the first requisite for this kind of chase. Shooting forms no part of the hunter's duty, as it is evident that he must be wholly disencumbered for running. Though stalking down and shooting the cattle (thus adding to the commissariat by powder and ball) is both exciting and advantageous, still the rifle-man is comparatively an idler, except in the case of an attack from

the bulls; for he can only secure one or two, according to the number of his barrels, at the opening of the hunt; whilst the runner must keep on as long as there is a possibility of the dogs overtaking even a heifer. To resume the narrative: the sagacious dogs shewed, by their eager looks and panting, that they understood the cause of and partook in our excitement, and were with great difficulty held down. We landed on the point, screened from the herd, and cautiously wound round a hill, till we were opened to the view of fifteen fine cows, young bulls, and heifers, which threw their tails into the air, and, with an awkward bound and flinging up of their heels, set off for the interior at a pace of which I hardly thought cattle capable. The dogs, already loose, sprang after and overtook them in a quarter of a mile. The runners of the party, in light shoes, long accustomed to the exercise, flew rather than ran in their wake; whilst my companion and self, each equipped with heavy ordnance rifle, cartouch-box, ammunition and accoutrements, pea-jacket, fishermen's boots and sou'-wester, took long shots (of about 300 yards), to the imminent danger of the runners, and then floundering along over balsam-logs, tussock clumps, and "diddle-dee" bushes, arrived thoroughly blown at the top of a hill immediately overlooking the scene of action. The herd was hieing off in the distance,—all but one fine cow, which the bounds detained. "Yorke," a noble dog, held her by the throat; "Laporte," his scarcely less powerful comrade, had seized the middle of the tail, and "anchored" her, in spite of kicks and struggles, which caused him to twist round and round as if on a pivot; whilst little "Bully," a smaller and more mastiff-like dog, had fixed his teeth into the poor brute's tongue, and all were mingling their snarls and stifled barks with her pitiful moans. It was a most cruel sight, but happily her sufferings did not last long. A runner, scarcely less fleet than the bounds, was already up with his knife, and, quick as lightning, hamstringed both hind-legs. She fell with a deep agonised *low* to the ground; he sprang to her shoulder like a savage, and, before she could turn her head to *butt*, plunged the steel into her neck, when she rolled over, a dying creature. One fierce dog thrust his muzzle into the gaping wound, and the others were already lapping the blood: they were kicked off with violence, and with the men started like the wind after the herd; for so short a time did all this take, that the remainder of the cattle were still in sight. A young bull and heifer were in like manner consecutively seized by the dogs, hamstringed, and despatched by these swift-of-foot men, who then gave up the chase. They next cleaned, skinned, and quartered the animal last killed with marvellous celerity, and returned to the second,—each bearing a quarter on his shoulder, its fibre still quivering, as it appeared, from the effects of the hard run, so abruptly brought to a close.

Lastly and appropriately we extract the account of

THE LAST VEGETABLES.

Vegetation could not be traced above the conspicuous ledge of rocks with which the whole island is girt, at fourteen hundred feet elevation. The lichens ascended the highest. The singular nature of this flora must be viewed in connexion with the soil and climate; than which perhaps none can be more unfriendly to vegetable life. The form of the island admits of no shelter: its rocks are volcanic, and very hard, sometimes compact, but more frequently vesicular. A steep stony bank descends from the above-mentioned ledge to the beach; and to it the plants are almost limited. The slope itself is covered with loose fragments of rock, the debris of the cliff above, further broken up by frost, and ice-bound to a depth which there was no opportunity of ascertaining; for on the day the island was visited the superficial masses alone were slightly loosened by the sun's rays. Thus the plants are confined to an almost incessantly frozen locality, and a particularly barren soil, liable to shift at every partial thaw. During nearly the entire year, even during the summer weeks which the expedition spent in sight of Cockburn Island, it was con-

stantly covered with snow. Fortunately, the ships occupied a position that permitted of landing on almost the only day when it was practicable to form a collection. The vegetation of so low a degree of latitude might be supposed to remain torpid, except for a few days in the year, when, if the warmth were genial, and a short period of growing weather took place, the plants would receive an extraordinary stimulus; but, far from such being the case, the effect of the sun's rays when they momentarily appear is only prejudicial to vegetation. The black and porous stones quickly part with their moisture, and the lecanora and ulva consequently become so crisp and parched that they crumble into fragments when an attempt is made to remove them.

FICTION.

Grantley Manor; a Tale. By Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON. In 3 vols. London, 1847.

THERE was a promise in *Ellen Middleton* which this second novel does not fulfil. It is tame, prosy, and flat. It is plain that Lady FULLERTON wants the power to sustain her characters evenly from their entrances to their exits. They move with convulsive starts, like the *fantoccini* who are guided by strings held behind the curtain, and not like men who move by an impulse from within. She conceives with much truth and correctness the personages of her story; but she wants the skill to embody her conceptions, and conduct them consistently to the end. She does not sufficiently individualize. She paints classes rather than persons, and, as if conscious of the defect, she tries to hide it by attaching to them something discordant and unnatural, and which she effects so clumsily, that the patchwork is visible at a glance. Thus her hero, Edmund Neville, mingles qualities which are never combined in real life, because they are, in fact, antagonistic, and one can only exist where the other is not. The heroine, Genevra Leslie, is the most perfect character in the story,—that is to say, the most true to nature; but there are difficulties in her conduct which can only be explained away by resorting to some far-fetched explanations. The plot turns on the marriage of the hero with the heroine, under peculiar circumstances,—the papa of the former being a staunch Protestant, and threatening to disinherit his son if ever he should marry a Papist; and the latter being, as is usual in novels, just the very person whom he was forbidden to marry,—that is to say, the daughter of a Colonel Leslie, by a wife who had died in Italy, leaving the young lady to be brought up there, in the bosom of the Romish Church. The concealment of this inauspicious marriage, and its consequences, forms the very stale material out of which the plot of *Grantley Manor* is woven. The result the reader must seek in the volumes, which may be a *dernier ressort* when no other “last new novel” is to be got,—but is not otherwise to be borrowed or bought.

The Modern Unbeliever. By EMMA NEWTON. London, 1847. Simpkin and Co.

THEOLOGICAL composition against which we shall never cease to protest, equally for its injustice and its impiety. Mrs. NEWTON is an illustration of the soundness of the objection. Her imagination is more powerful than her reason; she can weave a tale better than an argument. Hence they who may be tempted to peruse this volume for the pleasure they will find in the story and the manner of its telling will be in great danger of having their faith shaken through the feebleness of the reasoning power which Mrs. NEWTON has brought to the championship of the cause she has undertaken to maintain. This is precisely the danger to be

dreaded from all controversial fiction. Readers are apt to suppose the cause a bad one which is badly advocated, and the weakness in the arguments of the champion is too apt to be mistaken for weakness in the cause itself. Happily the truths of revelation are too firmly established to be shaken by such feeble efforts to advance them as the present; but not the less is it a duty to abstain from inflicting a positive mischief, though with the best motives, and in the ardour of the sincerest friendship.

If the theology could be forgotten, the rest would repay perusal; but we fear they are too much mingled to be separated.

The Student of Salamanca. A Tale. Edinburgh, 1847. Blackwood and Co.

THIS tale appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and with the smartness and endeavour after effect, it has also the over elaboration and wordiness consequent upon the form of publication in detached parts. It is, indeed, scarcely entitled to be called a novel. It is rather a collection of anecdotes and descriptions, strung together by a very flimsy thread, the object being the particular scenes, and not the development of a plot. We were better pleased with it when we read it in piecemeal than now in its perusal as a whole; but its value lies in the vivid representations it conveys of Spain and the Spaniards and especially of the incidents of the last desolating civil war. The writer is manifestly quite familiar with his theme, and probably was a partaker in the strife whose shifting scenes he depicts so powerfully.

Cromwell in Ireland; a Historical Romance. In 3 vols. London, 1847. Newby.

THE brief, stern, pitiless, and devastating rule of CROMWELL in Ireland has not yet been made the subject of a novel. Yet was it a time whose terrible features peculiarly fit it to be the scene of a romance, the novelist having little more to do than weave an attractive plot, incidents being abundantly supplied by the true history of the time, stranger and more romantic than any fiction.

The author of this novel is therefore fortunate in his subject. A new field was before him, and he has availed himself of it with more skill than we had ventured to hope from the opening chapter. But he warmed as he advanced; his thoughts grew with practice or under the excitement of composition, and he improves both in the structure of his story and the manner of telling it. He appears to be an Irishman, or at least he must have well acquainted himself with the country and the people, either by reading or travel, for he paints their customs minutely, and sketches his scenery with an air of truthfulness that impresses the reader with a feeling of confidence that the only fiction lies in the combination of persons and circumstances, but that the people and the events are real.

We do not narrate the plot, because to do so is to destroy a novel. The main-springs of the action are the different fortunes and characteristics of the O'NEIL family, and the parts they take in the civil war, or more properly speaking, the invasion by England. The rough points of character which in times of commotion are brought out prominently upon the surface, are drawn with a firm but rapid pencil, and the portraiture is rendered very perfect by the attention given to costume and accessories—that, in fact, which theatrical people call “the properties” of the drama. From faults of over-elaboration and abuse of epithets apparent in these pages, we should suppose the anonymous author to be young—for these are the faults of youth. We hope so, for if so it be, there is a bright career before him; the errors will gradually disappear before advancing good taste and increased study, and the excellences will become more prominent freed from the defects that now partially obscure them. He should make it a rule to revise his manuscript carefully before he sends it to the press, and blot without remorse every epithet that is not necessary to convey an accurate description of the object to which it is applied, and bearing in mind the rule that ideas of greatness are not called up by big words, and that the sublimest thoughts are usually

suggested by the simplest language. The heroine, Glandine O'Dempsey, is too much like other heroines; but this is a common failing. If our author would break through it in his next romance, it would be a hit, and he has the capacity for originality, if he can only muster the necessary courage.

Upon the whole, this romance is better than many that have appeared during the season now closing, and been talked of for a week and then forgotten. But we value it rather for what it promises than for what it performs. The duties of the reviewer's office make him fastidious, and what he could endure to the end may be considered as having some claims upon the attention of the novel-reading community. *Cromwell in Ireland* was not laid down until it was concluded.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA

Faust: a Phantasia, in Three Acts. Edited by CARL SIMROCK, and translated into English by D. J. P. DRAKEFORD, Esq. St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Bentley: London.

THE singular interest which is ever attached to the name of FAUST, or FAUSTUS, whether as the hero of the nursery tale, or of GOETHE's celebrated work, or as the hero of the old legend before us, is always fresh and strong, and shews the tendency of the human mind to cling to whatever is supernatural, and to revel in speculations which lead us to other regions than those of mortality.

For at least a quarter of a century the story of *Faust* has been familiar to the public, translated into our own tongue, and adorned with masterly illustrations. But neither these exquisite productions of artistic skill, nor the poetry of GOETHE himself, ever gave us the satisfaction which we have derived from the little work before us. Before we proceed to explain why we prefer the *Phantasia* to the Poem, we will quote a passage from the preface of CARL SIMROCK. He says—

Of all the poems to which the legend of *Faust* has given rise, the old puppet-drama stands unquestionably next in poetic merit to the great work of Goethe. More attractive than the *People's Book*, it preserves the original narrative in a more correct form than the poem of Goethe, the tendency of which rendered necessary a departure from that essential part of the old legend, namely, the descent of Faust into hell. Differing as the puppet-drama does from the master-piece of the great poet, by its exclusively popular character, it displays, nevertheless, a genius as bold in conception, and as skilful in execution; if less profound, it is more powerful, as well as more compact. It has, besides, a peculiar interest in having been the source from which Goethe, Lessing, and the painter, Müller, drew their first ideas on the subject. It may perhaps, therefore, be considered strange, that up to this time no attempt has been made to restore it to the public. I have repeatedly seen it performed by Schütz and Dreter's company, which, so late as the year 1820, still continued to visit Berlin with their “Casperle Theater.” I derived in my labours considerable assistance from Francis Horn's well-known report, from the two published by Von der Hagen, and from Emil Somner's sketch of a representation witnessed by him in Berlin in the year 1814. None of these reports agree in all points with each other. When Somner wrote his sketch, the elder Schütz, formerly the sole director of that company, had been some time dead; but Francis Horn appears to have followed the version of Schütz, and the first essay of Von der Hagen unquestionably does so.

The greatest deviations occur in the second report of the last-named writer, founded on a MS. in the possession of the exhibitors Geisselbrecht. Of this version only twenty-four copies were printed by Colonel Von Below, who intended them for presents. The title was, *Dr. Faust; or, the Great*

Necromancer. A Musical Drama, in Five Acts. Berlin. Part of this is printed in italics, and underlined in the original MS., at the end of which Geisselbrecht has written the following singular note:—"The character of the portions underlined determines me not to allow 'Faust' to be any longer acted." These portions consist partly of incantations and profanations of holy names, and partly of Caspar's description of his wicked life and company, when Wagner engages him in Faust's service.

CARL SIMROCK then adds that he has not exclusively adhered to any one of these reports, but that he gleaned the best portions from each, in some cases was indebted to his own recollection, but that *he had added nothing new.* This latter statement is the most important, as it enables us to appreciate the old legend without any idea of its being adulterated by modern interpolations.

The first two paragraphs of the Preface, cited above, develop the reasons of our preference of the puppet-drama to GOETHE'S more elaborate poem; in the latter, bewildered by the intricacies of the plot, and dazzled by the poetic beauties so profusely scattered in every page, we lose sight of the moral originally intended to be enforced; in our sympathy with Henry and Margaret, we forget the horrible means by which he obtained that semblance of youth and manly beauty that seduces his unhappy victim; and, led on from one singular scene to another, we lose ourselves in the mazes of poetry and metaphysics, and forget what must be the dreadful result of all this successful trifling with beauty, innocence, and the powers of darkness.

In the phantasia, or puppet-drama, however, we have no such compromise between wrong actions and right feelings; *here* we have no introduction (derived from the Book of Job), and of overwhelming poetical beauty, by which our minds are so "lapt in Elysium" that we feel no horror at the introduction of the tempting demon; on the contrary, *here* our perception is wide awake to the horrors in which the miserable man is about to involve himself. What can be more simple and yet more interesting than the first scene—unadorned with any imposing introduction or subjugating harmony?—

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Faust in his study, seated at a table with opened folio volumes before him.

FAUST.—So far am I at length arrived with study, that I am jeered out of every place. I have diligently pored over all sorts of books, in a fruitless search for the philosopher's stone; I have studied jurisprudence and medicine, but all to no purpose. I must have recourse to magical arts. What does the study of theology avail me? Who will recompense me for the sleepless nights that I have passed? I have not a whole coat to my back, and am quite overwhelmed with debts. I must league myself with the Prince of darkness, in order to discover Nature's unrevealed mysteries; and by means of magic hold converse with the shades of the departed dead.

VOICE to the left, bass.—Cease studying theology, and devote thyself to the study of magic, if thou wouldst be happy on earth, and become perfect in knowledge.

VOICE to the right, soprano.—Faust, Faust, be not deceived! Give not thyself up to the study of magic; adhere to theology, and all will yet be well.

FAUST, starting up.—Voice to my right! Voice to my left! which shall I believe! who will advise me for the best? I must ask each separately. Voice to the right, who art thou? speak!

VOICE to the right.—Thy tutelary genius.

FAUST.—Every one can say that. Voice to the left, I will ask thee, who art thou?

VOICE to the left.—A messenger from Pluto's realms, sent to render thee perfect and happy.

FAUST.—Perhaps a relation of the Devil! If thou wouldst render me perfect and happy, that is what I desire. Voice to my right,—leave me! Voice to my left,—I follow thee. Render me happy and fail not.

VOICE to the right.—Woe to thy poor soul!

MANY VOICES to the left.—Ha! ha! ha!

FAUST. Strange! My guardian genius laments; the others laugh. But now—enough of these matters; here comes my assistant.

And thus, in spite of the remonstrance of his guardian angel, he follows the insidious counsels of the evil one, and we are prepared by this scene for many that ensue.—Wagner, his assistant, enters, to inform Faust that three students have arrived in Mayence, who desire to see him and have brought him a book of magic for which he had vainly applied to all the universities. Faust is overjoyed at this intelligence, and the result we shall see at the commencement of the second act: a scene between Caspar and Wagner concludes the first act. Caspar is one of those characters which are introduced to enliven a piece, which might otherwise be deemed too serious for the galleries, and largely partakes of that buffoonery and coarse wit so much in favour in Germany, and, for aught we can see, in most countries where the vulgar are concerned. There is an admirable scene in the third act which we would fain transcribe, but as it is too long for an extract, we must refer our readers to the drama itself, and content ourselves with the first scene of the second Act, which is singular and powerful.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Faust alone; afterwards Spirits.

FAUST.—Curious! the students have disappeared, and can be found nowhere in the town. But no matter; I have still the book that was left for me. I am alone. Now will I begin the study of magic. [He opens the book, and reads.] So, then, must I do it? nothing easier than that; and about that [studies] have I so long confused my head. [He loosens his girdle, places it on the ground in a circle, and enters therein, having a staff in his hand.] Now I will conjure up the spirits. [He raises the staff, and murmurs some unintelligible words; a great number of spirits appear in the form of apes covered with hair.] There are enough of them, but which shall I choose? I must find out how fast they are. Thou, there, with the white horns; give answer,—what is thy name?

FIRST SPIRIT.—Pilzliputzli.

FAUST.—Say on; what is thy degree of swiftness?

PILZLIPUTZLI.—As the snail that crawls on the gravel.

FAUST.—Ha! to move as fast as that, I do not require a spirit. Return whence thou art come. *Apaga, male spiritus!* The next; what art thou called?

SECOND SPIRIT.—Polimor.

FAUST.—Tell me, how fast movest thou?

POLIMOR.—As the leaves which fall from the trees.

FAUST.—So quick were I myself, if necessary. Return to whence thou art come. *Apaga, male spiritus!* The following; what art thou called?

THIRD SPIRIT.—Asmodeus.

FAUST.—He may be the right one. How quick art thou?

ASMODEUS.—As the brook which falls from the rocks.

FAUST.—Even so thou art not quick enough. Back! *Apaga, male spiritus.* Vivat sequens. Come forth the next. What art thou called?

FOURTH SPIRIT.—Astaroth.

FAUST.—Si nomen et omen. How fast art thou?

ASTAROTH.—As the bird in the air.

FAUST.—That flies well; but quicker still must come. *Apaga, male spiritus!* Thy turn now, red-head; and what art thou called?

FIFTH SPIRIT.—Auerhahn.

FAUST.—How quick art thou?

AUERHAHN.—As the ball shot from the cannon.

FAUST.—Always better; but yet it will not do. *Apaga, male spiritus!* Well, what art thou called, blue-foot?

SIXTH SPIRIT.—Hariban.

FAUST.—How quick art thou?

HARIBAN.—As the wind.

FAUST.—Quick as the wind! Oh! a fine swiftness, but still too slow for me. *Apaga, male spiritus!* There are still two left. What is thy name, chimney-sweeper?

SEVENTH SPIRIT.—Megära.

FAUST.—How quickly movest thou?

MEGARA.—As the plague.

FAUST.—Is the plague swifter than the wind? But the next must still be better. *Apaga, pessime spiritus!* What art thou called, ultimus?

EIGHTH SPIRIT.—Mephistopheles.

FAUST.—And how quick art thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—As the thoughts of men.

FAUST.—Thou art the one. As the thoughts of men! What more can I want than to have my thoughts fulfilled as they arise? More than this even God cannot do: *eritis sicut Deus.** Wilt thou serve me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—If Pluto will permit me.

FAUST.—Who is Pluto?

MEPHISTOPHELES.—My master.

FAUST.—Then ask him if thou mayest serve me for eight-and-forty years; after that I will serve thee. But return to me in a manly figure: I do not wish to see the ape's form, and I am tired of standing within this circle. And tell thy master that I desire the enjoyments of all splendour, beauty, and glory of the world; and that I expect true answers to all my questions.

The whole scene would be too long for transcription; but the manner in which he persists in his fearful compact with the infernal powers, notwithstanding the repeated warnings he receives from the good spirit, who is unwilling to abandon him, is really terrific, and more impressive than if it had been expressed in more adorned language. The manner in which the gradation of swiftness is expressed, excites interest and expectation; and in the original is a scene of remarkable power, from the epithets with which the German language abounds, and its richness in those compound expressions which give in one word the idea or the thing.

The third scene of the third act, to which we have already alluded, while it shews us FAUST endowed with all the worldly advantages for which he had sacrificed HIS SOUL, bears in it a deep and striking moral. FAUST is made to appear a handsome man in the eyes of the world, and in the eyes of the DUCHESS of PARMA he appears supremely so; he has been adroitly flattering her vanity by making every female beauty whom he had conjured up appear in her likeness, while the lovers resembled himself. He is invited to partake of the sumptuous banquet at which the DUKE, the DUCHESS, and the court are to be present; and, full of joy and vain glory, he is preparing to follow, when MEPHISTOPHELES pulls him by his cloak, and tells him that he will be poisoned if he attends the feast, for the DUKE is jealous of the amorous glances he had cast upon the fair DUCHESS; the clergy are incensed against him for having falsified the scripture in his representations, and the people are prepared to fall upon him as a magician: thus the brimming cup of joy is dashed from his lips, just as love and worldly honours seemed about to delight his vain mind—for vanity is a large ingredient in the character of this wretched victim of SATAN. He is whirled off on a flying dragon to Constantinople, and between the third act and the fourth an in-

* Thou wilt be as God.

terval of several years is supposed to take place.

In the fourth act we find him again at Mayence, and it is impossible not to be struck with the superiority of the original conception of the character of FAUST in the puppet-drama, to the hero of romance of GOETHE: the latter feels *dissatisfaction*; he is palled with pleasure, and tired of those very enjoyments he had so fatally desired; but, except in regard to the unfortunate MARGARET, he seems to feel no remorse; but in the phantasia FAUST is overwhelmed with remorse and terror at his approaching doom—nay, he does pray, and, for a moment, his wily tempter flies howling away; but, knowing the weakness of his victim, MEPHISTOPHELES returns with the semblance of the beautiful HELENA of Troy. At first FAUST repels the temptation, but he is prevailed upon to look at her; first he says, "Let me pray."

MEPHISTOPHELES.—You scorn her! Then will I lead her back, and never again will Hades yield this treasure to the day. Never again will the sun behold the loveliest image of beauty.

FAUST.—Well, I may certainly for once behold her. [*Looks round, and rises from his knees.*]

As a poet has said, when we would escape the snares of vice,

No safety e'en the flying find,
Who ventures look but once behind.

And this truth is proved by FAUST; he is inflamed with passion for HELENA, and to obtain her from MEPHISTOPHELES he becomes doubly a renegade, and then, to his horror, finds that he has clasped a demon to his bosom. His despair and horror augment until he is dragged away by demons through "fiery rain."

This consummation of the history of FAUST is in keeping, and, consequently, horrible as it is, we feel that he has his deserts. We hope that if CARL SIMROCK'S hint is acted upon, and some more of the old German puppet-dramas are collected, that Mr. DRAKEFORD will again amuse his leisure by giving us a translation of them in the same simple and faithful manner as the "phantasia" in the elegant little volume we have just analysed.

EDUCATION.

How to Speak French. Conversations in Paris. English and French. By ACHILLE ALBITES. London, 1847. Hamilton and Co.

An extremely sensible, practical, useful little book. The author opens with some excellent advice to students, in which he says that it is necessary to think in French, before we can speak fluently, and that the way to succeed is to speak out and speak on, without being ashamed to make mistakes; and if you cannot do that for want of somebody to speak with, to take a French book, read a page of it, close the book, and give a short account of that page to yourself aloud, in the best French you can muster. The conversations are more real than any we have seen.

Stories and Studies from the Chronicles and History of England. By Mrs. S. C. HALL and Mrs. J. FOSTER. In 2 vols. London, 1847. Darton and Co.

THE most striking scenes in the History of England have been selected for narration by the allied ladies in language and manner likely to recommend itself to young persons by its adaptation to their capacities. The idea was probably suggested by Sir W. SCOTT'S *Tales of a Grandfather*; but there was ample material for many more gleaners, and where could be found one better fitted by natural taste and long practice than Mrs. S. C. HALL, who is one of the most pleasing novelists of our time?

Her friend and coadjutor is unknown to us; but she cannot be quite a novice, for we must confess ourselves, after a critical examination, unable to form a positive opinion which of the stories are contributed by the practised authoress and which by the *débutante*. The book is neatly printed, illustrated with excellent woodcuts, and is admirably adapted for a school-prize or a holiday present.

French Verbs made Easy. By T. LEVIN. London, 1847. Rolfe and Fletcher.

THE title should have been "French Verbs made easier," for as to making them *easy*, that is impossible. M. LEVIN has effected a great deal towards the simplification of the study of them, and his volume will materially aid the learner who has already advanced a considerable way into the mysteries of French.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Chess-Player's Hand-Book. By EDWARD STAUNTON, Esq. London: Bohn.

EVERYTHING that could be desired, either by the proficient in or the student of chess, is contained in this volume, which presents innumerable games, and endings of games, and curious problems, and all the mysteries of that most laborious of amusements and most grave of recreations. It forms the first volume of Bohn's Scientific Library.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The Birds of Jamaica. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE; assisted by R. HILL, Esq. of Spanish Town. London, 1847. Van Voorst.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

MR. GOSSE made many attempts to domesticate the humming-bird, and especially the species known as the long-tailed. The following is his account of

THE LONG-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD.

This is the gem of Jamaican ornithology. Its slender form, velvet crest, emerald bosom, and lengthened tail-plumes, render it one of the most elegant even of this most brilliant family. Though peculiar, as far as I am aware, to Jamaica, it has long been known, though, it would seem from received figures and descriptions, very imperfectly. Edwards, long ago, gave a figure of it, which is recognisable. Lesson's figure and description are alike bad. The attitude is that never assumed by a humming-bird; the back of the neck is made green instead of black; the scaly emerald plumage is diminished to a mere gorget, instead of extending over the whole breast and belly; the beak and feet are both made yellow, whereas the former should have been crimson, the latter purple-black. He makes "Les Polytinus" his tenth race, which he thus defines: "Beak short, straight; the external tail-feathers terminated by two long blades or filaments (*brins*)."¹ Here every character is incorrect. The beak, though not long, is certainly not short; it is not straight, but perceptibly curved, particularly in the female; the curvature, it is true, varies in individuals, but I possess several females whose beaks are more curved than that of Mango; it is not the external tail-feather that is lengthened, but the second from the outside; lastly, this feather is not terminated by a filament, or by any structure varying from the other part; it is simply produced in length. Mr. Swainson writes as if he were unacquainted with this species, for in speaking of the tendency of the lengthened external feathers of the tail in certain families of birds to turn outwards towards their tips, he observes, "there is one solitary instance where these long exterior feathers are turned inwards instead of outwards: this occurs in a humming-bird figured by Edwards, as a native of Jamaica, but we have never yet seen it, nor is a specimen known to exist at this time in any museum."² (Class. Birds, i. 105.) This is no other than polytmus, the long tail-feathers of which do bend inwards so as to cross each other when the bird is resting. I may add here, that these long

feathers have the inner edge prettily waved, not by actual indentation, but by a puckering of the margin, like a frill. The long-tail is a permanent resident in Jamaica, and is not uncommonly seen at all seasons and in all situations. It loves to frequent the margins of woods and road-sides, where it sucks the blossoms of the trees, occasionally descending, however, to the low shrubs. There is one locality where it is abundant, the summit of that range of mountains just behind Bluefields, and known as the Bluefields Ridge. Behind the peaks, which are visible from the sea, at an elevation of about half a mile, there runs through the dense woods a narrow path, just passable for a horse, overrun with beautiful ferns of many graceful forms, and always damp and cool. No habitation occurs within several miles, and no cultivation, save the isolated provision-grounds of the negroes, which are teeming with enormous arums: and these are hidden from view far up in the thick woods.

The refreshing coolness of this road, its unbroken solitude, combined with the peculiarity and luxuriance of the vegetation, made it one of my favourite resorts. Not a tree, from the thickness of one's wrist up to the giant magnitude of the hoary figs and cotton-trees, but is clothed with fantastic parasites; and begonias with waxen flowers, and ferns with hirsute stems climb up the trunks; enormous bromelias spring from the greater forks, and fringe the horizontal limbs; various orchideæ with matted roots and grotesque blossoms droop from every bough, and long lianes, like the cordage of a ship, depend from the loftiest branches, or stretch from tree to tree. Elegant tree-ferns, and towering palms are numerous; here and there the wild plaintain or heliconia waves its long flag-like leaves from amidst the humbler bushes, and in the most obscure corners over some decaying log, nods the noble spike of a magnificent limodorum. Nothing is flaunting or showy; all is solemn and subdued; but all is exquisitely beautiful. Now and then the ear is startled by the long-drawn measured notes, most richly sweet, of the solitaire, itself mysteriously unseen, like the hymn of praise of an angel. It is so in keeping with the solitude, and with the scene, that we are unconsciously arrested to admire and listen. The smaller wood consists largely of the plant called glass-eye berry, a scrophularious shrub, the blossoms of which, though presenting little beauty in form or hue, are pre-eminently attractive to the long-tailed humming-bird. These bushes are at no part of the year out of blossom, the scarlet berries appearing at all seasons on the same stalk as the flowers. And here at any time one may with tolerable certainty calculate on finding these very lovely birds. But it is in March, April, and May, that they abound; I suppose I have sometimes seen not fewer than a hundred come successively to rifle the blossoms within the space of half as many yards in the course of a forenoon. They are, however, in no respect gregarious; though three or four may be at one moment hovering round the blossoms of the same bush, there is no association; each is governed by his individual preference, and each attends to his own affairs. It is worthy of remark that males compose by far the greater portion of the individuals observed at this elevation. I do not know why it should be so, but we see very few females there, whereas in the lowlands this sex outnumbers the other. In March, a large number are found to be clad in the livery of the adult male, but without the long-tailed feathers; others have characteristic feathers lengthened, but in various degrees. These are, I have no doubt, males of the preceding season. It is also quite common to find one of the long feathers much shorter than the other, which I account for by concluding that the shorter is replacing one that had been accidentally lost. In their aerial encounters with each other a tail-feather is sometimes displaced.

How eloquent is he in his narrative of the finding of

A HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

While I lingered in the romantic place, picking up some of the land shells which were scattered among the rocks, suddenly I heard the whirr of a

humming bird, and, looking up, saw a female *Polytmus* hovering opposite the nest, with a mass of silk cotton in her beak. Deterred by the sight of me, she presently retired to a twig, a few paces distant, on which she sat. I immediately sunk down among the rocks as quietly as possible, and remained perfectly still. In a few seconds she came again, and after hovering a moment disappeared behind one of the projections, whence in a few seconds she emerged again and flew off. I then examined the place, and found to my delight a new nest, in all respects like the old one, but unfinished, affixed to another twig not a yard from it. I again sat down among the stones in front, where I could see the nest, not concealing myself, but remaining motionless, waiting for the *petite* bird's reappearance. I had not to wait long: a loud *whirr*, and there she was, suspended in the air before her nest: she soon espied me, and came within a foot of my eyes, hovering just in front of my face. I remained still, however, when I heard the whirring of another just above me, perhaps the male, but I durst not look towards him lest the turning of my head should frighten the female. In a minute or two the other was gone, and she alighted again on the twig, where she sat some little time preening her feathers, and apparently clearing her mouth from the cotton fibres, for she now and then swiftly projected the tongue an inch and a half from the beak, continuing the same curve as that of the beak. When she arose it was to perform a very interesting action; for she flew to the face of the rock, which was thickly clothed with soft dry moss, and hovering on the wing, as if before a flower, began to pluck the moss, until she had a large bunch of it in her beak; then I saw her fly to the nest, and, having seated herself in it, proceed to place the new material, pressing, and arranging, and interweaving the whole with her beak, while she fashioned the cup-like form of the interior by the pressure of her white breast, moving round and round as she sat. My presence appeared to be no hindrance to her proceedings, though only a few feet distant: at length she left again, and I left the place also. On the 8th of April I visited the cave again, and I found the nest perfected, and containing two eggs, which were not hatched on the 1st of May, on which day I sent Sam to endeavour to secure both dam and nest. He found her sitting, and had no difficulty in capturing her, and, with the nest and its contents, he carefully brought her down to me. I transferred it, having broken one egg by accident, to a cage, and put in the bird; she was moping, however, and quite neglected the nest, as she did also some flowers which I inserted; sitting moodily on a perch. The next morning she was dead.

Very interesting is the story of

THE CAGED HUMMING-BIRD.

At my first attempt, in the spring of 1845, I transferred such as I succeeded in bringing alive, to cages immediately on their arrival at the house, and though they did not beat themselves, they soon sunk under the confinement. Suddenly they would fall to the floor of the cage, and lie motionless with closed eyes: if taken into the hand, they would perhaps seem to revive for a few moments; they throw back the pretty head, or toss it to and fro, as if in great suffering, expand the wings, open the eyes, slightly puff up the feathers of the breast, and die, usually without any convulsive struggle. This was the fate of my first attempts. In the autumn, however, they began to be numerous again upon the mountain, and having, on the 13th of November, captured two young males, sucking the pretty pink flowers of the *Urena lobata*, I brought them home in a covered basket. The tail feathers of the one were undeveloped,—those of the other half their full length. I did not cage them, but turned them out into the open room, in which the daily work of preparing specimens was carried on, having first secured the doors and windows. They were lively but not wild; playful towards each other, and tame with respect to myself, sitting unrestrained for several seconds at a time on my finger. I collected a few flowers and placed them in a vase on a high shelf, and to these they resorted immediately. But I soon found that they paid attention to none but

Asclepias curassavica, and slightly to a large *Ipomea*. On this I again went out, and gathered a large bunch of *Asclepias*, and was pleased to observe, that on the moment of my entering the room, one flew to the nosegay, and sucked while I held it in my hand. The other soon followed, and then both these lovely creatures were buzzing together within an inch of my face, probing the flowers so eagerly as to allow their bodies to be touched without alarm. These flowers being placed in another glass, they visited each bouquet in turn, now and then flying after each other playfully through the room, or alighting on various objects. Though occasionally they flew against the window, they did not flutter and beat themselves at it, but seemed well content with their parole. As they flew, I repeatedly heard them snap the beak, at which times they doubtless caught minute flies. After some time, one of them suddenly sunk down in one corner, and on being taken up seemed dying: it had perhaps struck itself in flying. It lingered awhile, and died. The other continued his vivacity; perceiving that he had exhausted the flowers, I prepared a tube, made of the barrel of a goose-quill, which I inserted into the cork of a bottle, to secure its steadiness and upright position, and filled with juice of sugar-cane. I then took a large *Ipomea*, and having cut off the bottom, I slipped the flower over the tube, so that the quill took the place of the nectary of the flower. The bird flew to it in a moment, clung to the bottle rim, and bringing his beak perpendicular, thrust it into the tube. It was at once evident that the repast was agreeable, for he continued pumping for several seconds, and on his flying off I found the quill emptied. As he had torn off the flower in his eagerness for more, and even followed the fragments of the corolla, as they lay on the table, to search them, I refilled the quill, and put a blossom of the *Marvel of Peru* into it, so that the flower expanded over the top. The little toper found it again, and after drinking freely, withdrew his beak, but the blossom was adhering to it as a sheath. This incumbrance he presently got rid of, and then (which was most interesting to me) he returned immediately, and inserting his beak into the bare quill, finished the contents. It was amusing to see the odd position of his head and body as he clung to the bottle with his beak inserted perpendicularly into the cork. Several times in the course of the evening he had recourse to his new fountain, which was as often replenished for him, and at length, about sunset, betook himself to a line stretched across the room for repose. He slept as they all do, with the head not behind the wing, but slightly drawn back upon the shoulders, and in figure reminded me of Mr. Gould's beautiful plate of *Trogon resplendens*, in miniature. In the morning I found him active before sunrise, already having visited his quill of syrup, which he emptied a second time. After some hours, he flew through a door which I had incautiously left open, and, darting through the window of the next room, escaped, to my no small chagrin.

It is not without danger that the eager naturalist pursues his researches. There are perils in

BIRD-NESTING IN JAMAICA.

The large earthy nests accumulated by the duck-ants (termites) around the trunk or branches of trees, frequently afford the parrot a fit situation for her own domestic economy. Though easily cut by her strong beak, the thin arches and galleries of these insects are of sufficiently firm consistence to constitute a secure and strong abode. In the cavity formed by her own industry she lays four or five eggs upon the chips and dust. But the precaution of the poor bird in selecting a locality, and her perseverance in burrowing into so solid a structure, are not sufficient to insure her safety or that of her young. The aperture by which she herself enters and departs, affords also a ready entrance to a subtle and voracious enemy—the yellow boa. A young friend of mine once observing a parrot enter into a hole in a large duck-ant's nest, situated on a bastard cedar, mounted to take her eggs or young. Arrived at the place he cautiously inserted his hand, which presently came into contact with

something smooth and soft. He guessed it might be the callow young, but hesitating to trust it, he descended, and proceeded to cut a stick, keeping his eye on the orifice, from which the old bird had not yet flown. Having again mounted, he thrust in the stick, and forced off the whole upper part of the structure; disclosing, to his utter discomfiture and terror, an enormous yellow snake, about whose jaws the feathers of the swallowed parrot were still adhering, while more of her plumage scattered in the nest revealed her unhappy fate. The serpent instantly darted down the tree; and the astonished youth, certainly not less terrified, also descended with precipitation, and ran as if for life from the scene.

Further on we find this account of the

MANNERS OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

When young are in possession, their presence is no secret; for an unpleasant sound, half hissing, half whistling, is all day long issuing from their unfledged throats,—delightful efforts, I dare say, to the fond parents. At this time the old birds are watchful and courageous. If an intruding boy or naturalist approaches their family, they hop from twig to twig, looking on with outstretched neck, in mute but evident solicitude; but any winged visitant, though ever so unconscious of evil intent, and though ever so large, is driven away with fearless pertinacity. The saucy ani and tinkling instantly yield the sacred neighbourhood, the brave mocking-bird pursuing a group of three or four, even to several hundred yards distance; and even the john-crow, if he sail near the tree, is instantly attacked and driven from the scene. But the hogs are the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evenings; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange-trees to wait for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins to peck the hog with all his might; piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it; the poor bird gets into an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give up the effort in despair.

Here is an anecdote of

THE BLUE QUIT.

Near the piazza of my house a cotton-bush has flung out its knots of white filaments. Hither come the birds at this season, to gather materials for constructing their nests. The blue sparrow, a pretty little frugivorous bird, that sings in our fruit-trees all the year round its merry twittering song, has been busily engaged with his mate collecting bills-full of cotton. It did not seem to be a thing immediately settled that they should set to work and gather their materials at once. They had alighted on the tree as if they had very unexpectedly found what they were seeking. The male began to twitter a song of joy, dancing and jumping about, and the female intermingling every now and then a chirp, frisked from stem to stem, and did very little more than survey the riches of the tree: at least, she plucked now and then a bill-full of the filaments, and, spreading it to flaunt to the wind, tossed it away, as if she had been merely shewing that it every way answered the purpose in length and softness, and was in every respect the thing they wanted. At each of these displays of the kind and quality of the materials, the male intermingled his twittering song with a hoarse succession of notes, which were always the same, *chu, chu, chu, chu, chevut*, to which the female chirped two or three times in succession, then grasping another bill-full of cotton, tossed it away as before, and obtained from the male the same notes of attention and approval: At last they set to work in earnest, gathered a load of the materials drawn out as loosely as they could get it, and filling their bills, started away to the tree, wherever it was, in which they had determined to build their nest.

The plovers appear everywhere to possess

the instinct of feigning lameness, to attract strangers from the neighbourhood of their nests. Mr. Gosse relates the following of

THE KILDEER PLOVER.

One which was shot, and wounded in the wing, I introduced to the doves, in a large packing-case, the front of which was removed and replaced by gauze. Immediately on being put in it began vigorously charging at the gauze, as if it had no idea of any impediment there, running backward a little way, and then dashing at it; and this without an instant's intermission, now and then leaping up, and uttering its wild cry. For a few minutes its impetuous motions seemed to stupefy all the doves, who gazed in astonishment; but presently a young baldpate, who occupied one of the front corners, a very cross and surly fellow, began to peck and beat the little plover, driving him about the cage without mercy. I had been struck, at the first entry of the bird, with its remarkable height, owing to the length of the tarsi, and the upright and bold attitude in which it stood. At length, to escape the persecutions of the baldpate, it suddenly squatted down in one of the back corners, bringing the tarsi flat on the ground, and the tibie on them, so that I was now struck with its flatness and closeness to the ground; and I saw how it is, that we so often hear their cry very near, when we can see no trace of them, and often suddenly lose sight of them when watching them running. I feel assured, that this squatting is the bird's natural resource for concealment; for on being alarmed suddenly, its first impulse is to bend partially the heel, bringing the body nearer the ground: if the danger appear to increase, it brings the tarsi flat, the tibie still being inclined. The body seems now in contact with the ground; but a greater terror brings it still lower, so that it really appears as if half sunk in the earth; and now no advance of the danger affects it, if there be no opening to run: it lies quite passive; its resource is exhausted.

My captive lay thus unmoved for awhile, though the restless pea-doves, in running from side to side, walked over it, trampling it under foot at every turn. When it did get up, however, and came to the front, it was again instantly assaulted by the baldpate, who struck it with his wing, and seized its beak with his own and pinched it. Pitying it under these inflictions, I took it out, and allowed it to run about the room. Its actions now became quite entertaining; it ran backward and forward with surprising fleetness, but not being used to the smoothness of board, though the floor was not at all polished, and wanting the support of the back toe, its speed was continually causing it to slip, the feet sliding forward, so as to bring the bird down upon its tail. Now and then it would stop, and make repeated efforts to jump over the skirting-board, which being black, and the wall white, I suppose it mistook the latter for empty space. While doing this, it ever and anon emitted its loud pipe, with startling shrillness. Having run into a corner, it allowed me to take it up in my hand without fluttering. When it stood, it jerked its head up and down. It was exceedingly active; when not lying close for concealment, it was not still a moment; besides the flirting of the head and tail, a tremulous motion pervaded the body, so that it seemed to be shivering. When about to take a single step, this was manifested in an odd manner, the foot touching the ground three or four times before it was put down. When it had become more at home, it devoured earth-worms greedily, and would pick minute shells and *Entomostraca* from a saucer of water, in which was a root of water-cress. In the cage it delighted to stand in its water saucer, but when loose, the saucer being placed in one corner, it would run rapidly in and out, now and then stopping to pick up the contents.

We have a very minute account of the

HABITS OF THE PELICAN.

It is a pleasant sight to see a flock of pelicans fishing. A dozen or more are flying, on heavy, flagging wing, over the sea, the long neck doubled on the back, so that the beak seems to protrude from the breast. Suddenly, a little ruffling of the

water arrests their attention; and, with wings half-closed, down each plunges with a resounding splash, and in an instant emerges to the surface with a fish. The beak is held aloft, a snap or two is made, the huge pouch is seen for a moment distended, then collapses as before; and heavily the bird rises to wing, and again beats over the surface with its fellows. It is worthy of observation that the pelican invariably performs a somerset under the surface; for, descending, as he always does, diagonally, not perpendicularly, the head emerges looking in the opposite direction to that in which it was looking before. When the morning appetite is sated, they sit calmly on the heaving surface, looking much like a miniature fleet. In the evening, as I have stated, we see them pursuing their laborious course to repose. Standing at the door of Bluefields, which, from a slight elevation, commands a wide prospect of the beautiful bay, I have often watched in the evening, while the sun, sinking among his gilded piles and peaks of cloud on the horizon-sea, leaves the air refreshingly cool and balmy, while the dying sea-breeze scarcely avails to break the glassy reflection of the surface,—the straggling flocks of pelicans, from a dozen to forty or fifty, passing slowly along over the shore. On such occasions, they manifest a decided tendency to form long continuous strings, like ducks. When the flocks are beating for fish, or sailing round and round on the watch, there is no such arrangement, but all circle in a confusion equal to that of the planets of the Ptolemaic system. Yet at any time of the day, in taking a lengthened flight, whether shifting their locality, or slowly sweeping over the sea, they usually take a lineal order. In flying thus in lines, I have been struck with the unity which they manifest in their motions: the flight is performed by alternate intervals of heavy flappings, and sailing on outstretched motionless wing; and the resumption or suspension of the one or the other state is regulated by the leading bird of the line. For example, the first begins to flap, in an instant the second begins, then the third, then the fourth, and so on, with perfect regularity of succession; and neither ceases till the first does, and then only each in his own turn. That this does not depend on the period of each motion being constant, is shewn by the fact that the duration of either state is very varying and arbitrary. If a bird be following the same course, near at hand, but not within the line, he does not regard the succession at all, but governs his own motion. The pelican, on alighting on the water to swim, brings his feet, which before had been stretched out behind, into a standing position, and, as it were, slides along the surface for several yards before he swims.

Here is a beautiful anecdote of

SYMPATHY IN ANIMALS.

The sympathy shewn by gregarious birds for their wounded companions is usually never more strongly manifested than in the boobies. In the wanton sport of shooting at them, when sailing past the keys and islets they resort to, there are few who have not witnessed the extraordinary efforts made by the clamorous flock to assist a wounded bird, when fluttering in the water, and unable to regain the wing. An accident which happened to one of the two boobies we have in our yard, gave us an opportunity of seeing traits of this feeling, and of its attendant emotions. My little nephew, in chasing with a small whip one of our birds, entangled the lash about its wing, and snapped the arm-bone. The one bird not alone shewed sympathy for the other, but exhibited curiosity about the nature and character of the accident. Our two birds are male and female. The wounded booby withdrew into a lonely part of the yard, and stood there drooping. The female sought him as soon as she heard his cry of agony, and after ascertaining, by surveying him all round, that the injury was in the wing, proceeded to prevail on him to move the limb, that she might see whether he was really disabled beyond the power of using it for flight. After a quacking *honk* or two, as a call to do something required of him, the female stretched out one of her wings;—the wounded male imitated her, and, making an effort, moved out, in some sort of way, the wounded

member to its full length. He was now required by a corresponding movement to raise it; he raised the broken arm, but the wing could not be elevated. The curiosity of the female was at a stand-still. After a moment's pause, her wounded companion was persuaded to make another trial at imitation, and to give the wings some three or four good flaps. He followed the given signal, gave the required beats on the air with so thorough a good will, to meet the wishes of his curious mate, that he twirled the broken wing quite round, and turned it inside out. The mischief was prodigiously increased. It was now necessary to put a stop to this process of investigation of the one bird into the misfortune of the other. I came in just as these exhibitions had occurred, and taking up the bird with its twisted wing, I was obliged, after setting the limb, to restrain him from any further gratification of his mate's curiosity, by tying the wing into place, and keeping it so tied till the bone united. The one now attended the other, and carefully examined day after day, the broken limb. Calling on him to make an occasional effort to raise the disabled and immovable member, she used her ineffectual endeavours to persuade him to lift it, though tied, by lifting her own from time to time. Though this fellow-feeling was so strongly and so remarkably manifested with regard to the broken wing,—when feeding together, the abler female did not hesitate to take advantage of her greater agility, by snatching away from her mate his share of victuals, and grappling with him for one and the same piece of meat. Instinct seems to exhibit simple, not complex emotions. If the male bird had been utterly unable to feed himself, the female would possibly herself have supplied him with food;—but able to eat, the undivided passion was the feeding appetite; and the instinctive habit of striking at the prey, and grabbing it, was not capable of restraint, or of any modification whatever.

We conclude reluctantly with the account of

THE JABBERING CROW.

In the wildest parts of the mountain regions of Jamaica, where the perilous path winds round a towering cone on the one hand, and on the other looks down into a deep and precipitous gully; or where a narrow track, choked up with tree-ferns, on which the vertical sun looks only at noon-day, leads through the dark and damp forest to some lonely negro-ground, the traveller is startled by the still wilder tones of the jabbering crow. So uncouth and yet so articulate, so varied in the inflexions of their tones, are these sounds, that the wondering stranger can with difficulty believe he is listening to the voice of a bird, but rather supposes he hears the harsh consonants and deep guttural intonations of some savage language. All the crows are garrulous, and several are capable of tolerable imitations of human speech; but the present is the only example I am aware of in which the language of man is resembled by a bird in a state of nature. The resemblance, however, is rather general than particular; every one who hears it is struck with its likeness to speech, though he cannot detect any known words: it is the language of a foreigner. One cannot easily convey an idea of the sounds by writing; but the following fragments, which the negroes have been able to catch from the learned bird's own mouth, will give some notion of their character: "Walk fast, crab! do buckra work. Cuttaco better than wallet."

ART.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE summer exhibition of this Society is very interesting, for it enables a comparison to be made between the masters of the past and those of the present age. The public eye is first indulged with a survey of the productions of the greatest living artists at the Royal Academy. When their excellences and defects are sufficiently studied, the British Institution opens an exhibition of the works of English and foreign masters upon whose fame death has set his seal. Thus are we enabled directly to compare the present with the past, and to

learn the excellences and defects of our contemporaries.

The Gallery of the British Institution is furnished by contributions from the principal private galleries in England. The contributors consist entirely of the nobility and gentry, who send the choicest pictures in their collections for the enjoyment and instruction of the public, and the advancement of art. Hence we find upon the walls the productions of most of the great masters of Italy, Spain, and Holland, mingled with many of the English School, and which, it may with an honest pride be said, may well endure comparison with the illustrious names by which they are surrounded. WILSON is but little, if at all, inferior to CLAUDE; HILTON's flesh rivals that of TITIAN; WILKIE is as perfectly truthful as TENIERS, with more taste in the choice of his subjects; BRIGGS possesses almost the power of RUBENS; STEWART NEWTON's *Duenna*, sent by her Majesty, is an original to which we can find no like; COLLINS's *Happy as a King* marks also the existence of an English School whose characteristic is fidelity to nature in the portraiture of domestic and familiar life, with a sentiment pervading it peculiarly its own; and DENNER's *Head of an Old Man* might have been claimed by the cleverest of the Dutch School.

To attempt criticism on works of established reputation, such as here surround us, would be presumptuous and impertinent. Our pleasing duty is limited to the announcement to our readers that such an opportunity offers itself to them for viewing some of the best pictures preserved in the private galleries of Great Britain. There, for days together, may the lovers of art revel in the finest works of CUYP, POUSSIN, CLAUDE, GUIDO, RUBENS, VANDYKE, REMBRANDT, TENIERS, WOUVERMAN, TITIAN, HOBBIEMA, VANDEVELDE, &c. from the Continent; and of COLLINS, WILSON, DENNER, Sir J. REYNOLDS, CALCUTT, BRIGGS, BIRD, WILKIE, HOGARTH, and HILTON, of our own countrymen. The Dutch masters predominate in number and excellence. The Hobbemas are extremely fine, and the Cuypers are superb, especially *A Frost Piece*, contributed by the Earl of YARBOROUGH, whose possession of such a gem is to be envied. WILKIE's *Rat Catchers*, sent by the Royal Academy, is a wonderful work, equal, if not superior, to any thing that art can boast in any age.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

The Duke of Wellington's statue is to remain. So much for the taste of men in office! The Duke condemned their desire to move his impersonation, and immediately all their oft-repeated ideas as to inappropriateness were abandoned.—Mr. William Little, the publisher of the *Illustrated London News*, has invented a printing machine that will work 12,000 copies an hour. The difference between it and those now in use is, that of causing the cylinders to take impressions both in the backward and forward movements.—The *Literary Gazette* states that the Rev. Father Maces, Professor of Natural History in the college of La Paix, at Nemours, has just made a discovery of great scientific importance. Guided by his theory of electricity, the first intimation of which is found in a notice printed in the bulletins of the Royal Academy, No. 5, he has, it is asserted, succeeded in transforming the solar light into electricity. His apparatus, which is extremely simple, spoke several times under the influence of the light, and remained mute without that influence—all the other circumstances remaining the same. Even when one witnesses the phenomenon, one scarcely ventures to trust one's own eyes; yet the indications of electricity are evident. As soon as the professor shall have made known his theory, which he is now engaged in drawing up, any body will be able to convince himself of the reality of the surprising fact.—The members of the Royal Adelaide Institution hold weekly *conversaciones*, at which various subjects relating to Art are generally discussed. Of course they present the defects common to newly-formed bodies of the kind, but much original and interesting matter has been evoked. We shall

take occasion to notice *in extenso* some of the proceedings. The meetings are held at the Adelaide Gallery.—The Hon. Charles Hardinge's Indian Drawings receive all the praise and attention which the *prestige* of their author's name might be expected to ensure to them.—Westminster Hall will be opened to the public, for a gratis view of the Cartoons from Monday next.—Comets are almost as plentiful as summer fruit, but hardly as ripe. In a note to the Editor of the *Times*, dated July 8, Mr. Hind says, "I have received this morning a letter from M. Mauvais, of the Royal Observatory at Paris, stating that he discovered a comet near the Pole on the night of the 4th of July. The approximate position was—July 4, at 13h. 36m. 5s. M.T. R.A. 22h. 8m. 13s. North Decl. 80 deg. 26 min. In 34 minutes, the R.A. diminished 18 seconds, and the declination increased 1 min. 28 sec."—On Monday a full meeting of artistic and scientific *savans* was held at the College of Civil Engineers, so delightfully situated on the banks of the Thames, by Putney-bridge. The object of the meeting, at which his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch presided, was the distribution of prizes and honourable commendation to those students who had, at the recent July examination, proved their superior proficiency in the several branches of instruction inculcated at the institution. The chairman and the professors, after the prizes were delivered to, and commendations bestowed on, the successful students, pointed out the advantages that must accrue in this age of practical science from an education in which theory on the most scientific principles was combined with unerring practical rules.—Mr. Lough's sculptures, which have been opened to the public for gratuitous view, have drawn crowds of admirers.—The Academy of Sciences of Vienna held a sitting, at which the Archduke John, Curator of the Academy, presided, on the 20th ult. for the purpose of electing its officers. Baron de Hammer de Purgstall was elected president; M. Baumgaertner, vice-president; M. d'Etting-Hausen, first secretary; and Dr. Mainert, second secretary.—In answer to a question from Mr. R. Yorke, Viscount Morpeth has stated that he does not know when the new House of Commons will be finished. He could not invite much expectation that it would be ready for the reception of members in the next session of Parliament, but he hoped that it would not be delayed beyond that period.—We hear that the marble statue of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, subscribed for by the merchants of the city of London, is about to be erected in the vestibule of Lloyd's, in the Royal Exchange, in commemoration of his laying the foundation stone of that splendid edifice. Workmen are engaged in preparing the pedestal for the figure, which will be raised in the course of the ensuing week.—It is decided that the celebrated picture, *The Giorgione*, shall be preserved to England. Mr. Wentworth Beaumont has purchased it, and he has resolved not to send it to the Continent.—In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, Mr. Wakley asked if it was the intention of her Majesty's government to found any proceedings on the recommendations contained in the report of the committee on the School of Design? The evidence had been for some time on the table of the House, and honourable members had had an opportunity of reading the extraordinary statements contained in it. Mr. M. Gibson said, the special committee were to make their report to the Board of Trade; and when they had made their report, it would be for the board to consider what steps might be necessary. Mr. Wakley said, he should feel it his duty, early next session, to move for a committee of inquiry.—A new style of portraiture has been invented by Miss Nichols, of Upper Park-street, Islington. We have not been favoured with any specimens of her productions, but report speaks favourably of them. An artistic critic, in whom we have much faith, remarks that the style is peculiarly adapted to the graceful pencil of the lady artist. He says: "It is that of producing *in plano*, and in a manner hitherto unattempted, the effect of the most highly-finished cameo of the old and now most rare and expensive school. We have been gratified with the view of some brooches executed in this new, or

'Nicholsonian' style, as it may be termed. They consist of subjects in the manner of the antique, chiefly medallions. The back-ground presents the appearance of the richest onyx, agate, or other suitable stone, and the heads appear as if in relief, and are touched off with a degree of delicacy and accuracy that we have never seen excelled. This style, peculiarly adapted for brooches, seems so well suited for portraits, that we believe the title we have given to it above is well deserved; and invented as it has been by a lady distinguished for her efforts in art, we feel much satisfaction in directing attention to it."—The magnificent temple of the sun at Baalbeck has been destroyed by order of the viceroy, for the sake of its fine stones, which are to be employed in erecting barracks for the cavalry and a forage magazine.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Jenny Lind has engaged to sing at Berlin in the coming September.—The municipality of Hanover has just contracted a loan of 300,000 thalers (1,200,000*l.*) for building a new theatre, which, it is said, is to surpass in magnificence most of those that exist in Germany.—The fourth and last concert for the season of the Royal Academy of Music took place on Saturday last. There were many worthy productions among the host that the programme contained.—A genuine negress—not an Ethiopian—has made her *début* at the theatre *Les Variétés*, in Paris. Critics say she promises to rival Mdle. Lind. Two new adventurers, Mdle. Holbein and Mdle. Daubrée have also appeared at the *Français*, but of them comment is less encouraging.—Upwards of 500 persons attended at the rehearsal of Handel's *Messiah*, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday; and its performance before the Royal Society of Musicians was greatly approved and well supported.—Mdle. Emma Uccelli's *Matinée Musicale* was given on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms. The *bénéficiaire* sang a barcarole, composed and accompanied by her mother, pleasingly. The scheme consisted of pieces chiefly extracted from the modern Italian operas, and, with such singers as Mdle. Alboni, Signori Marras, Gardoni, Brizzi, and Tamburini, could not fail to delight the auditory; whilst the skill of Emiliani as a violinist, Piatti as a violoncellist, and Madame Dulcken as *pianiste*, rendered the instrumental portion of the programme equally as attractive. The accompanists were MM. Pilotti, de Glimes, and Desanges.—It is in contemplation to give Dr. Spohr a *matinée* before he leaves England.—The Director of the Beethoven Society, M. Rousselot, gave a selection of classical music on Tuesday, as a kind of farewell indulgence, for the present, in Beethoven's productions.—Mr. G. Hogarth's *First Duet for Pianoforte and Violoncello* finds much favour. A daily critic says, "it merits the attention of students in the mysteries of the two instruments. The duet contains no difficulties for either the one or the other; but, on the contrary, has ready attainment within reach. For the purposes of private amusement it may be safely commended, as, although it does not exact much dexterity in the performance, the effect is agreeable, and well calculated to please the tastes of polite society. The scarcity of music of this character, easy without being trivial, and pleasing from its natural flow and gracefulness, gives this 'first duet' a right to encouragement."—Mademoiselle Jenny Lind is engaged for two concerts at Edinburgh and Glasgow for the sum of 800*l.* The concerts will be conducted by Mr. Howard Glover.—Miss Mesent rises rapidly as a vocalist. On Tuesday, the occasion of her "benefit," she personated the heroine in the English version of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. A crowded house at St. James's Theatre awarded approval, and this amid all the inconvenience and detracting influence of an overpowering atmosphere.—The last meeting of Mr. Hullah's Choral Classes at Exeter Hall took place on Wednesday. A considerable addition to the building-fund was obtained. The selection was principally taken from the works of Tallis, Palestrina, Zingarelli, Mendelssohn, Wilbye, &c.—The Fau-

bourg of St. Germain has been thrown into consternation by the resolve of the young and beautiful Princess La Trémouille to appear on the stage! Every effort has been used to dissuade her, but in vain; she persists in her determination to make a *début* at the Théâtre Français, in one of Rachel's parts, on the day that she becomes of age; and if, through the influence of her family, the doors of the Français should be closed against her, she has declared her intention of appearing at the French Theatre in London or St. Petersburg.

THE DRAMA, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—After the first act of *Anna Bolena*, on Thursday last, when Grisi was called for, a magnificent *cadeau*, in the shape of a bracelet, was thrown from one of the stage-boxes, which was handed to Grisi, who immediately placed it on her arm. The bracelet, which was inlaid with the most valuable jewels, and was of solid gold, bore an inscription as follows:—"From the Dowager Countess of Essex to Madame Grisi, on the occasion of her benefit, as a small token of admiration for her talent and genius." Could anything be more gratifying to the great Italian artist than a tribute from one of the greatest singers England ever saw? We have been assured, that among all the costly *bijouterie*, the jewels of price, and countless *cadeaux* with which Grisi has been presented, there is none more prized than the bracelet so graciously presented to her on Thursday night.—*Musical World*.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—To introduce MADAM VESTRIS, a lively little drama has been brought out here, called *Dying for a Kiss*. It is of the slightest in plot and dialogue, but it pleases, through the spirited performance of VESTRIS, and the aid of some very sweet music composed by LODER. The plot is thus described by a contemporary:—"A certain Queen of Leon has been saluted by a cavalier—an act of gallantry agreeable enough in itself, but entailing the somewhat hard penalty of death upon the unfortunate perpetrator, the law of the land, in the plenitude of its forthright, having provided this enactment to secure the chastity of royal lips. There is, however, a merciful condition annexed to the act, that the king of the realm may, if he chooses, acquit the offender; but as *Ed.* happens to be no king in the present case, the queen, who is in her own person the cream of clemency, and does not see any thing very criminal in the kiss she has received, resolves to give her hand to the state prisoner, and he, being now invested with the absolving power, naturally enough pardons himself. It will have a run, for it suits the season."

FRENCH PLAYS.—RACHEL has achieved a great triumph of dramatic art in the character of *Agrippina*, in RACINE's play of *Britannicus*, which was introduced to a London audience, for the first time, on Wednesday. She personates the proud, stern, but heartless mother of Nero with astonishing skill, marking with the most delicate minuteness the distinction between her contempt for him as a man, and her want of affection for him as her son. Never, for an instant, did she depart from her conception of the character, and in her most passionate moments, it was plain that the heart was untouched; the intellect only was indignant that a man should so degrade himself, and her pride was wounded that this man should be her son. RACHEL was received with the same enthusiasm as at first, and the house was full, in spite of weather and Vauxhall.

VAUXHALL.—Masquerade balls certainly seem to be on the increase, and although we do not generally approve of them, yet we must give our approbation to the one that took place in these gardens on Tuesday last, as being more orderly conducted, and yet with no lack of spirit, than these affairs usually are. Some of the characters were very good, and well supported, and the well-lighted gardens, with their motley inhabitants, presented a curious scene to the spectator.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the latest additions to this place we observed an engraved *Head of Christ*, from a painting by ETTY. It is executed in a manner that preserves solidity and brings it nearer to the style of the painter, and to the imitation of oil-painting than heretofore has been met with. There is something original in the manner in which Mr. WASS has produced this effect, and he will do well to cultivate his talent, for this novelty is certainly an improvement in art. The engraving is of an oval shape, which is well adapted for portraits, and displays great freedom of hand and power of expression. The picture from which this engraving has

been taken was exhibited in the gallery of the British Institution in 1844, and was then much admired.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

MOONBEAMS.

There's witchery in moonbeams! Look
How light they kiss yon rippling brook,
Yet with what magic force they seem
To check the current of the stream!

There's feeling in them! How they fall
Upon that old and crumbling wall.
In lights and shadows, like the veil
Which shews the wither'd cheek, but pale!

There's music in them! Heard'st thou not
Soft sounds float round that silent spot,
As though some spirit's breathing there
With mournful music fill'd the air?

Love lurks, too, in the moonbeams! How
They luster'd near to hear thy vow,
Then, satisfied, went smiling on,
With fond words to Endymion!

But ere they stole away, love, I
Beheld them linger near thine eye,
And, jealous, look'd I then to see
What treasured glance they'd stolen from me.

One taken; but so many left
Still sweeter, I forgive the theft;
For how could moonbeams pass unwooed
When "icicles" had been subdued?

Reclining thus, love, at my feet,—
While starry smiles and fragrance sweet
Are lingering round thee;—I could deem
Thyself a God!—our love, a dream!

But gazing down into thine eye,
I read there its reality;
For god nor demon e'er could feel
The love those soul-lit eyes reveal!

Look on the moonbeams; how they glide
Before us,—round us,—by our side!—
And now they're closely clasping thee
In their embrace of witchery!

Nay! bend not on them, love, thine eye!—
'Tis then the love-spell seems to lie!—
'I'll let them wanton with thy hair,
But in thine eyes—oh, no!—not there!

Not there! beloved one; gaze on me,
And let my eyes thy mirror be;
In them reflected thou may'st read
The poet's faith, the lover's creed!

Look in my eyes; this scene is fair
And lovely, but thou'lt see it there;
I've drank its beauty till each sense
Seems bowed to its sweet influence!

There's witch'ry in the moonbeams! I
Am wild with rapture, yet I sigh:—
Oh! could life offer oft such hours,
What an enchanting world were ours!

June 25, 1847.

ANNIE.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

At length, after surmounting all the difficulties of indifference or hostility that invariably attend the birth of undertakings that are novel and grand, this company has obtained from Parliament the powers needful for the attainment of its objects, and is about immediately to commence its operations. As the formation of this company marks, in its relation to the agriculture of the country, very much the same important era that the first railway forms in the history of our commerce, a brief account of its origin, its plans, and its estimates will be interesting to the readers of THE CRITIC, and may be valuable for reference hereafter, when the system now about to be begun shall be fully carried out, bearing with it the blessings of health and wealth to the community.

The value of Sewage Manure has been long recognised. For many years past both scientific and economical writers have pointed to the refuse of towns as a vast source of profit improvidently wasted. It has been estimated by careful calculation that the contents of the London sewers annually thrown into the Thames would, at the selling value of manure, be worth upwards of one million. Its produce, if spread upon the land, would be some five or six millions yearly. Nay, it has been contended with confidence that the annual value of the sewage of all the towns in Great

Britain, now wholly wasted, would equal the entire burden of the national debt!

Probably these views are somewhat exaggerated; but it is certain that an enormous revenue is annually lost to the country in the form of wasted sewage. The subject continued to engage the thoughts of men of science and of economists. The value of the material was admitted; the only problems that remained for resolution were, how it was to be taken, and how distributed.

Numberless plans were put forth from time to time with a view to the accomplishment of this object. But they failed, because all of them proceeded upon the assumption that the only portion of the contents of the sewers used for manure was that which was, or might be made, solid, and the fluid was worthless. The practical difficulties of collecting and conveying away the solid deposits were found to be so great, that the cost would exceed the market value of the produce.

We believe it was LEIBIG who first made known the fact that manure is more fertilising in a fluid than in a solid state. He shewed that even if applied to the soil in a solid form, it is as a liquid, by the moisture that filters through it, that it feeds vegetation. It followed from this that solid manure thrown upon the surface was attended by an enormous waste, a large portion of the fertilising particles passing off by evaporation into the air instead of sinking into the soil. The conclusion was obvious—that liquid manure was the most economical fertiliser.

Nor did this remain long a mere theory. It was soon experimentally proved. Near Edinburgh was a tract of land, almost barren, whose annual value was, on an average, not more than half a crown an acre! One of the sewers was turned into a stream of water that ran near this worthless tract, and the mixed fluid was made to flow at certain times over it. The result far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of the projectors. In four years the land that had previously been worth only 2s. 6d. per acre was readily taken at rents varying from 15s. to 20l. an acre. At the town of Mansfield there is a sewer which the Duke of Portland caused to be turned into a stream, and the mixed fluid to be applied to some very inferior land which had previously let for 10s. per acre only. Two or three years application of the sewage water raised their value from *ten shillings to ten pounds* an acre.

These experiments were decisive. It was now a matter of certainty that the still richer and more abundant sewage of the metropolis was capable of producing yet more profitable results, if only some feasible plan could be devised for cheaply collecting and distributing it.

Hence the origin of the METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

The plan of this Company is, like all other inventions, so simple, that when it is described one is surprised that it was not thought of before. It was suggested by some such reflections as these:—

"Our object is, to convey into the country and apply to the soil the refuse fluid of the metropolis. How can it be best carried out of London? To answer this, let us see how it is carried into London. What is done by the water companies? They bring the water from the country by steam engines and pipes; they send it into the streets, and from the streets up to the very tops of the tallest houses; and, notwithstanding the machinery, they are enabled to supply it at a cost of somewhere about half a farthing a gallon. All the liquid thus sent into London passes out of it again saturated with highly fertilising materials, which flow into the Thames, pollute the river, and are wasted in the sea. Why should not the same machinery that sends the clear water from the country into London send the dirty water out of London back into the country, to be there a source of incalculable wealth? If a steam-engine and pipes can supply the former, at a very trifling cost, to the summits of houses, the like machinery can surely convey the latter, at a still less cost, to the flat surface of the soil."

The idea thus started was, of course, instantly convincing to all who gave it a moment's thought. It was no longer an experiment that was to be tried

with doubtful results. All its parts had been practically proved. The value of sewage water had been established at Edinburgh and at Mansfield, and the ease and cheapness of its transmission was shown by the daily experience of the water-companies.

A committee was formed who subscribed among themselves a fund to meet the expenses of endeavouring to bring the subject before the public, and procuring the means for the carrying out of that which was in truth a great national work. Although labouring under the disadvantage of appearing at the moment of the panic of 1845, so much was it approved by the thoughtful that a sufficient number of shares were taken to permit an application to the Legislature for an Act of Incorporation.

The obstacles which the company encountered in this application from prejudices and ignorance of their plan, and the novelty of the subject, the manner in which these were overcome by the inquiries instituted by Government and the Parliament, and which resulted in converting into warm supporters even those who at first opposed and ridiculed the scheme, will form so curious and useful an illustration of the power of truth when temperately urged and inquiry is courted, that we must devote to it another paper.

THE LONDON WEATHER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—As it may be interesting to those of your London readers who do not preserve the records of the temperature, as well as your country readers, who are interested in comparing notes, I venture to intrude upon your valuable columns the copy of my register from the morning of the 6th inst. when the wind had changed from the easterly quarter to the more genial west. From this table it will be seen that the lowest temperature at night has not been below 59 deg. on the early part of the morning of the 9th; that it was not below 66 deg. last night; that it has been this day in the shade as high as 87 deg. with a heat of 105 deg. in the sun. During this time the wind has been westerly, which accounts for the "sun" temperature not being so high comparatively with the "shade" index. At 6 o'clock this evening the shade thermometer stood at 83 deg. No doubt thunderstorms have occurred in the provinces, if not in the suburbs of London.

I remain, Sir, your subscriber,
Bermondsey-square, July 12. H. P.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Phrenological Journal and Magazine of Moral Science. No. XCII.

So few are the works published in this country relating to Mental Philosophy—so entirely are the thoughts of our generation engrossed in the advancement of the material sciences—that we are inclined to dwell longer upon such books, when they appear, than upon publications on more common-place themes. Especially do we always welcome with pleasure the *Phrenological Journal* as the periodical which singly has kept alive for many years past the small spark of Mental Philosophy that yet remains to us. But its contents deserve attention for their intrinsic excellence. Everybody who knows anything is acquainted with some of the writings of Mr. GEORGE COMBE, either his *Phrenology* or his *Constitution of Man*. The first and longest article in this new number of the *Phrenological Journal* is contributed by him, and both the subject and the treatment will command for it an attentive perusal. It is upon "The Relation between Religion and Science," and its purport is to prove, in reply to some of the popular preachers of our day, who are jealous of anything that distracts attention from themselves, that so far from Religion and Science being antagonistic, they are in truth intimate allies, giving to each other mutual support, and only seeming to differ where they are not properly understood. From this powerful essay we must take a few passages.

He exclaims, with justice, against the

EXCLUSION OF SCIENCE FROM THE PULPIT.

The natural order of Providence is very meagrely taught by the masters in theology to their followers, as of divine authority, and as regulating this world's affairs. I put the following questions in all earnestness. Are the fertility of the soil, the health of the body, the prosperity of individuals and of nations,—in short, the great secular interests of mankind,—now governed by special acts of supernatural power? Science answers that they are not. Are they, then, governed by any regular and comprehensible natural laws? If they are not, then is this world a theatre of anarchy, and consequently of atheism,—it is a world without the practical manifestation of a God. If, on the other hand, such laws exist, as science proclaims, they must be of divine institution, and worthy of all reverence; and I ask, In the standards of what church, from the pulpits of what sect, and in the schools of what denomination of Christians, are these laws taught to either the young or old as of divine authority, and as practical guides for conduct in this world's affairs? If we do not now live under a special supernatural government of the world, but under a government by natural laws; and if these laws are not studied, honoured, and obeyed, as God's laws; are we not actually a nation without a religion in harmony with the true order of Providence; and, therefore, without a religion adapted to practical purposes?

An instance of the very imperfect ideas that prevail as to the relationship of Religion to Science was shewn in

THE FAST-DAY SERMONS.

The Fast-day sermons present a striking illustration of the confusion of ideas which prevails in the public mind regarding the course of Providence in temporal events. Science confirms the declaration of Scripture, that God maketh "his sun to shine upon the evil as upon the good," and gives no countenance to the notion, that vegetable substances prosper or suffer directly in their growth, in consequence of the moral qualities of the men in whose fields they grow. On the contrary, it proclaims that their condition and productiveness depend on the soil, the heat, the moisture, the electric influences to which they are subjected, the manure and the seed, and on the skill with which these are brought to co-operate in yielding a return. The moral qualities of their cultivators may lead them to attend to, or neglect, the proper administration of these natural causes of fertility, in so far as they are subject to human control, and, by this means, indirectly influence the productiveness of the ground; but there is no warrant in science for believing, that if all the natural conditions of fertility be present, a blight will nevertheless pass upon the crop because of the owner's general or particular sins; or, *vice versa*, that if these natural conditions be absent, God will nevertheless send a rich harvest in reward of the owner's piety and charity. In the Fast-day sermons, however, little attention was paid to consistency on this point. In some of them, the potato failure was ascribed directly to sin; and, stranger still, not to sin in the owners of the fields, who suffered the loss, but in their rulers, or in somebody else over whose conduct the suffering peasants had no control. This doctrine implied that the course of Providence is still special and extra-natural. Other preachers acknowledged only a natural Providence in the blight; while many others spoke as if Providence, in some instances, observed the fixed relations of cause and effect, and, in others, set them all aside. It is impossible that the public mind can advance in sound and self-consistent practical principles of action in this world's affairs, while such conflicting views of science, religion, and the course of God's Providence, are poured forth from the pulpit and the press; and it is equally impossible that the youthful mind can be trained to study, reverence, and obey the course of God's Providence, while it is treated with so little consideration by those who assume to themselves the character of the accredited expositors of the Divine will.

Again, how beautiful is this sketch of

THE MORAL GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

Dr. Symonds, physician to the Bristol Infirmary, in a letter published by him in the *British and Foreign Medical Review* for October 1846, remarks, that medical "art, after all, is but Nature in a new form—a fresh arrangement of the forces of Nature, compelling them to work under new conditions." He adds, "I am not fond of arguments from final causes; but can it be doubted that the various medicines we possess were, as such, a part of the plan of the universe designed to have a relation to morbid states of living organisms as much as esculent matters to healthy conditions?" If this view be sound doctrine, which it certainly is, are not both of these adaptations fit subjects for the revelational exercise of our religious sentiments, as well as for the investigation of our understandings? At present the public attention is much interested by the application of sulphuric ether to produce insensibility to pain during surgical operations. This application of it is still under trial; but should it ultimately prove beneficial, it will present another instance of the adaptation of physical elements to living organisms for benevolent ends. It baffles our comprehension why this discovery (if it shall prove advantageous) was not made sooner; unless, perhaps, we conjecture that He who endowed the ether and organisms with their properties and relations, and bestowed on man faculties capable of discovering them, meant him to use these faculties for his own advantage, and that the long reign of suffering has been the consequence of infidelity to Nature and Nature's God. Men, in past ages, did not believe in Nature as a system adapted by Divine Wisdom to the human constitution and presented to them for their guidance; and although physical science has forced, on well-educated minds, a perception of the truth of this doctrine in regard to physical events, yet moral science is still so little understood that a too general scepticism prevails in regard to the moral government of the world by natural laws. According to my views, God does not send pestilences, earthquakes, or famines, to avenge this unbelief; but punishes each act of infidelity by pre-ordained deprivations of enjoyment, or pre-ordained evils which follow as the natural consequences of each act of omission or commission against His laws, whether physical, organic, or moral.

WHAT IS SCIENCE?

Science is an exposition of the order of Nature, and the order of Nature is just another form of expression for the course of God's providence in the affairs of this world. The sciences of anatomy and physiology embrace systematic expositions of the course of Providence in relation to health. Chemistry unfolds the course of Providence in fertilizing our fields, and in placing the minute combinations of matter under our control as elements of utility and ornament. Natural philosophy describes the course of Providence by which the stupendous universe of suns and worlds, stretching beyond the grasp even of our imaginations, is bound together and regulated; and unveils to us, through the microscope, the incomparable skill displayed in the structure of the minutest forms of animal and vegetable life. And, in the principles of mechanics, it teaches us the extent and conditions under which God has enabled us to apply the motive powers of nature to our own advantage. Phrenology unfolds to us the course of Providence by which the health and vigour of the mind is regulated in connection with the body. In every cerebral organ which it accurately describes, it presents an instructive lesson regarding the sphere of activity, the uses and abuses, of the concomitant mental power. The science of moral philosophy includes among its objects the exposition of the natural consequences attached by the Creator to the use and abuse of every faculty of the mind and function of the body.

Sectarianism is a principal cause of the backwardness of religion. Christianity itself is sacrificed by the process thus described:—

EFFECTS OF SECTARIANISM.

The elements of which a sect is composed, are the points in which it differs from other sects, and its

existence depends on the success and assiduity with which it infuses a knowledge of and reverence for these into the minds of the young. It represents them as subjects of the utmost importance to their temporal and eternal welfare. In the estimation of its zealous leaders, they greatly surpass in practical as well as religious importance, the order of nature. If any sect were to cease investing its points of difference with the highest reverence in the estimation of its pupils, and begin to magnify the truth and utility of the doctrines in which all are agreed, it would commit *felo de se*. Its dissolution and fusion into the general body of Christian believers would be inevitable and speedy. The more completely, therefore, the different sects obtain the command of education, the greater will be the obstacles to the introduction of the order of nature into schools.

Mr. COMBE enters an energetic protest against the plan of national education that would endow all sects, as being in fact an endowment of discord; and inasmuch as all cannot be right, it is to endow ninety-nine errors and one truth. He has come to the same conclusion as Dr. CHALMERS, that the duty of the State is to have State schools for all, leaving religious *tenets* to be taught by the preacher. Mr. COMBE's argument for a really national and unsectarian education is worth remembering:—

It is the voluntary system preserving all its excellent elements, and freed from several serious imperfections. The benevolent and active members of every school district, naturally become the voluntary springs and managers of the whole educational machinery within it. They give life and vigour to its efforts, and control its every movement. They are enabled to do this with greatly increased effect, from the law placing funds at their disposal, arming them with official authority, and backing them by the moral influence of the *whole community*, instead of that of a single sect. Again, the exclusion of sectarian teaching operates most beneficially on the mind of every one who takes an interest in schools. It accustoms him to look on the points of faith and practice in which all Christian sects are agreed, instead of dwelling with concentrated attention on those which distinguish his sect from all others. And this promotes the growth of brotherly love and true religion. It leads the mind insensibly to perceive that Christianity consists rather in the points of faith and practice in which all sects are agreed, than in those regarding which they differ.

The other contents of the number must be reserved for a separate notice.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty; but the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

947. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH BRINLEY, of Swansea, Glamorgan, widow (formerly Sarah Lewis, widow of Stephen Lewis, deceased); and therefore Sarah Seaman, of Swaby, near Alford, Lincoln, spinster, and died June 16, 1835, or their representatives.
948. HEIR-AT-LAW AND CUSTOMARY HEIR AND NEXT OF KIN OF JAMES NICOL, of Lamberhurst, Sussex, a Colonel in the East-India Company's Service (died Mar 3, 1831), or their representatives.
949. NEXT OF KIN OF EMMA NICOL, daughter of James Nicol, of Lamberhurst, Sussex, a Colonel in the East-India Company's Service (died July 16, 1832), or their representatives.
950. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN THOMAS CROSSIE, of Liverpool, master mariner (died May 2, 1838), or their representatives.
951. HEIRS-AT-LAW OF JAMES WARDLE, of Rushton Spencer, and Leek, Staffordshire (died July 4, 1828). Also, his legal personal representative or representatives.
952. HEIR OR HEIRS OF HERBERT HAY, late of Glyndbourne, at the time of death of Rev. Francis Tutte (Jan. 12, 1824).

953. HEIR OR HEIRS-AT-LAW, AND CUSTOMARY HEIR OR HEIRS OF, according to the custom of the manor of Ringmer, Sussex, of the Rev. FRANCIS TUTTE, of Glyndbourne, Glynde, Sussex, died Jan. 12, 1824.
954. HEIR OR CO-HEIRESSSES AT LAW OF ANNE GOODE, formerly of Pailton, Monk's Kirby, Warwick, spinster, died in 1798. *Something to advantage.*
955. RELATIONS OR NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN BOND, of Cheese-lane, Bristol, widower, died in August, 1827. *Something to advantage.*
956. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM BOOTH, of Annesley Woodhouse, Nottingham, farmer, died November, 1824.
957. RELATIONS OR NEXT OF KIN OF ANN WAY, who died in the House of Industry, Isle of Wight, on the 8th of February, 1839. *Something to advantage.*
958. NEXT OF KIN OF Mrs. MARY COTTON, of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, Middlesex, and Welwyn, Her's, deceased, who was born either at Broseley or Madeley, Salop, about the year 1765, and whose maiden name was Cresswell. *Something to advantage.*
959. NEXT OF KIN OF SARAH CLOES, late of Tysson-street, St. Matthew, Berthall Green, Middlesex (died December 28, 1839), or their personal representatives. *(To be continued.)*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The scale for advertising in THE CRITIC is
For 50 words or less 5s.
For every additional 10 words .. 6d.
For which a post-office order should be inclosed.
NB. For insertion in the first page the charge is one-fourth more, if expressly ordered for that page.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THERE seems to be some chance of preserving to authors the fruits of their labours. The Law of Copyright will soon be extended to our colonies, where hitherto the piracy of English home productions has been extensive and annoying. Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Parker have brought in a bill to effect this object, but we must expect to wait until another session ere it becomes law. We do not think the measure sufficiently restrictive—placing it at the option of colonial authorities either to protect our productions or not.—Politics have charms for publishers and writers, as well as for all other classes of the community; rather, they so far interfere as to prevent speculative tendencies among the book interests. Loth, indeed, are even the large houses to produce new works. The mind of the country, they allege, is too unsettled for their calling to prosper—unsettled because concentrated on other objects and other pursuits than that of book-reading. Consequently the “new works” announced are few. The author of *Second Love* is preparing a tale, founded, we believe, on some incidents in the drama of *The Flowers of the Forest*, and in which the principal character, *Giselle*, will be well reflected. COOPER announces a novel which will partake of adventures by sea and land, both of an extraordinary character, mixing the dangers of the ocean with the excitement of ramblings about Etna. An agricultural organ states that upwards of twenty of the best agricultural and scientific writers of the day are engaged, each in his own department, on an agricultural work, in which the several sections of farm-practice, and their relations to chemistry, botany, geology, &c. shall be treated by practical men writing from personal knowledge.—To the great surprise of the literary world, the proceedings of the British Museum Commission are being kept strictly private. Thus we anticipate that the usefulness of the inquiry will be completely frustrated.—It is gratifying to observe the rapid progress of the Ray Society. Its fourth anniversary meeting was held last week at Oxford. In the report it was announced that *Reports on the Progress of Zoology*, and a translation of Oken's *Philosophy of Nature*, by Mr. Alfred Tulk, were ready for distribution to subscribers of 1847. The society now numbered nearly a thousand members; and only a few copies of the former works were remaining on hand. Resolutions were moved by Professor Henslow, Capt. Ibbetson, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Hodgkin, the Prince of Canino, and other gentlemen. The Prince of Canino spoke very warmly in praise of the society; and pointed to the great work of Alder and Hancock, *On the British Nudibranchiate Mollusca*, as alone worthy of the efforts

of the society. A new work of the same size, and in the same style, as the *Nudibranchiate Mollusca*—*On the British Jelly Fishes*, by Professor E. Forbes—was announced as preparing for publication.—The Scotch have traced the identical bible for many years used by John Knox; and they are much pleased that it is still in the possession of a descendant of the great reformer. It will doubtless be placed in the National Museum.—The Government of Bavaria has ordained that from the 1st of August next the journals of other countries of Germany, Bremen excepted, shall no longer be subjected to censure on arriving within its territories. The reason of the exclusion of the newspapers of Bremen from this concession is not stated.—A letter from Berlin of July 5 states that the Governments of Austria and Prussia have just addressed to all the other Governments of Germany a circular, inviting them to come to some understanding with them for the establishment of a uniform postage on letters throughout all the states composing the Germanic Confederation.—The *Dublin Journal* states that efforts are being made to increase Father Matthew's income to 800l. per year. It says:—“A Committee has been lately formed in London of the Dukes of Norfolk and Leinster, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Marquis of Sligo, Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Stanhope, Earl of Wicklow, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord J. Russell, Lord Morpeth, Lord Monteagle, &c. for the purpose of creating a fund sufficient to purchase an annuity of 800l. a-year for this public benefactor, to enable him to continue his unceasing exertions for the welfare of millions. The Queen, anxious to aid in so desirable an object, has given 300l. per annum towards this praiseworthy object. With such an example of munificence before those who are able to promote so desirable an object, we trust that the labours of the gentlemen who form the committee will be speedily brought to a close.”—We hear that both the *Daily News* and the *Morning Chronicle* are “in the market.” The former is offered for a quarter of the sum alleged to have been expended in its establishment.—The Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin has elected M. Christian Bartholomew, of Paris, author of a work on Italy, a corresponding member in the class of history and philosophy.—The Colonies Copyright Bill has been read a third time in the House of Commons, but it is presumed that all further progress will be stayed until the next session.—Mrs. Quillinan, authoress of a *Journal of a few Months' Residence in Portugal*, and daughter of the poet Wordsworth, died a few days since at her father's house at Rydal Mount. Thus the “sudden cloud” and the “funeral pall” alluded to by the poet in his late Installation Ode have fallen, at least on his own circle, and darkened all their bright summer images and enjoyments. The literary world generally laments the loss as a blight that admits of no eradication. As a wife, as a daughter, and as a distinguished member of England's literary coterie, Mrs. Quillinan was beloved and respected; therefore is her loss extensively lamented.—The Baron de Nieumann, late Austrian minister at the British Court, and the Lady Augusta, are expected to arrive in town in a few days from the Continent.—Lord John Russell has offered Mr. Sheridan Knowles, from the Royal bounty, 100l. a-year.—We observe that Mr. Newby has announced for publication a *Life of Shelley*. Captain Medwin is the author, and from our recollection of his *Conversations with Lord Byron*, we should say is peculiarly fitted for the task. At all events, any compilation that throws light upon the every-day habits and tendencies of the great poet will be an accession to our literary biographies—for Shelley's doings are enshrouded in more mystery than are the many of the sentiments he sought to enunciate in his divine verse.—Mr. Fischer has been appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy at St. Andrew's, Edinburgh.—On the 29th of June last the small, and now rather dilapidated house in which Schiller lived, at Weimar, was purchased at a public auction, by the corporation of that town, for 5,025 dollars, being nearly double the amount of its actual value. May we not hope that there will be found as much patriotism among the inhabitants of Stratford-upon-

Avon, and that they will yet save from destruction the house in which Shakspeare lived?—The *Union of Mans* gives an account of the discovery at Boisselle-See of a subterranean passage leading to a hall nearly fifty feet square, in the middle of which is an immense stone table, having above it a lamp of baked clay suspended by an iron chain. Another curious discovery has taken place at Morellette, near Mamers. A peasant, who was digging there for clay, found, at about six feet below the surface, a chest, bound with iron, and containing a long chain and an iron collar, and the head of a man, on which the skin and beard were still intact.

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

DEFENCE OF THE STATUE.—The Wellington statue is to remain upon the arch. This conclusion of a very foolish controversy, although officially announced only last night, has no doubt been anticipated for some days. The moment it became known that the Duke of Wellington's wishes were to be consulted on the point of removal, and that on him was to be thrown the responsibility of decision, the question was relieved from all difficulty. His Grace's opinion has never been a secret, and nothing but that love of mystery which is inseparable from office could have made it a secret. The illustrious original is perfectly satisfied with Mr. Wyatt's performance. The representation of all the objects is faithful; the bronze horse is like the real horse; the cloak is the true cut; the portrait is excellent; and the seat of the rider has all the peculiarities long familiar to the London world. The situation, too, in abstract propriety, is the very best possible. The group, as it stands, is the most conspicuous object in the metropolis, and therefore fitly represents the most distinguished man in the United Kingdom. Facing the windows of Apsley-house, it now greets the honoured master as a present testimony of a nation's respect, and will remain to his posterity as a perpetual monument of a nation's gratitude. These considerations, it is obvious, have nothing to do with the artistic merit of the statue. Whatever may be thought of this, the opinion must be independent of the historic, and, so to speak, personal fitness of the site. The arch has peculiar claims to support its noble burden; among which, in addition to those we have already mentioned, may be reckoned as not the least, that it enjoys the express approbation of the Duke himself. It may also reconcile many to what they conceive the awkwardness of the general effect, that this demerit, if indeed it exists, arises possibly from the extreme fidelity of the details. The artist might have put an ideal man upon an ideal horse, an Alexander on a Bucephalus, and made the rider "witch the world with noble horsemanship;" but such a combination would not have represented the Duke and his favourite chesnut, nor the way in which he rode it. They who are to come after us, who will not possess the advantage of seeing that remarkable figure, which once seen is not easily forgotten, would, if truth had been sacrificed to beauty, have been deprived of a singularly accurate copy of the great original. The nation might have gained a handsome monument, but would have lost a good portrait. Having said this, we have said all that in conscience we can in favour of "the statue on the arch." But this is much. The affair is not simply a testimonial, nor is it an allegorical representation of war or victory, or any thing else. It is not an ideal, like the Achilles close by. It is not only a statue to the Duke, but of the Duke. Herein is the best defence to all objections. When we who write and all who read are dead and gone, and a new generation is grown up that hath not known the conqueror of Napoleon, then will this group be valued at its worth. Then our sons and daughters will point to that sombre mass, and say,—"Thus, in his life, appeared the Duke of Wellington upon the field of Waterloo."—*The Times*.

INFANT PROTESTANTISM.—The *New York Herald* contains an advertisement from "a respectable young woman who wishes to act as wet nurse to a Protestant baby."

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN FRANCE.—The *Independant de l'Ouest*, a Legitimist journal, published at Laval, has been prosecuted for having published a fragment of a letter of Junius, written in September 1771, and addressed to George III. King of England, together with an extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Windham in the English Parliament. The accusations of avarice, egotism, ambition, and corruption, contained in those fragments, have been considered by the law officers of the Crown as an offence against the person of the King of the French!

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No. 12. Demand of BRIBERY OATH. (In quires.)

FOR RETURNING OFFICERS.

No. 13. POLL BOOKS. (Counties and Boroughs.)

No. 14. POLL CLERKS' OATH for Counties. (In quires.)

No. 15. POLL CLERKS' OATH for Cities and Boroughs. (In quires.)

No. 16. INSTRUCTIONS to POLL CLERKS. (In quires.)

No. 17. Question and OATH of IDENTITY (with Memorandum for Poll Clerk and Returning Officer). (In quires.)

No. 18. BRIBERY OATH (with like Memorandum). (In quires.)

No. 19. RETURNING OFFICERS' OATH, on Parchment.

No. 20. Return of Members in a City or Borough, on Parchment.

No. 21. Return of Members in a County, on Parchment.

N.B. Orders should specify the name as well as number of the Forms required, and the number of Electors, and whether for a County or a Borough, to determine the size. If so requested, and a sufficiently long notice be given, the names of the Borough or County, and of the Candidates, will be printed in the Books and Forms. But ten days' notice of this will be requisite.

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